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# ROMANTIC AND HISTORIC VIRGINIA

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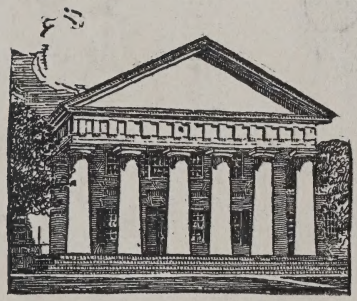
*By*

A. HYATT VERRILL

*Author of*
*"Romantic and Historic Maine," "Romantic and Historic Florida,"*
*Etc.*

*ILLUSTRATED*



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# INTRODUCTION

FIRST of all the United States to be settled by Anglo-Saxons, Virginia has played a most important part in the history of our country. And from the time of its first settlement, the story of "The Old Dominion" has been replete with romance, drama and adventure. In fact romance may be said to have been coincident with the settlement of Virginia, as witness the romantic episode of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. A romantic soul was this founder of Jamestown, yet no less romantic were many who followed in his footsteps and who had a most important part in the making of Virginia. Argyll, Somers and Boone, explorers and pioneers, frontiersmen and Indian fighters, soldiers and statesmen —all played their parts in adding to Virginia's romantic history. Even the revered Washington added his share of romance to the state and lent luster to its history, and it is doubtful if any other state in the Union can claim more illustrious and famous men as native sons than can Virginia.

The list of Virginia-born statesmen and presidents is a long one, and her roster of native-born famous soldiers is almost equally lengthy, which is but natural when we consider that unlike New England, which was settled largely by the bourgeois class, Vir-

ginia colonists were of the bluest most aristocratic blood of England, and through generations have retained their proud ancestral purity of race and station. And regardless of the famous declaration that "all men are born free and equal," the fact remains that blood will tell in the long run, and Virginia may well be proud of her "first families," even if less conspicuous figures had much to do with maintaining her own, in building a wilderness into a fair and smiling estate destined later to be drenched with the blood of men in blue and gray.

Very conspicuous was the part Virginia and Virginians played in the Civil War. Many of the most important battles were fought on her soil; some of the most brilliant victories won by the Confederate forces took place in Virginia and were made possible largely by Virginian troops and Virginian military genius. Like a battlement the Old Dominion stood, a bulwark of defense for the Confederacy; and, although she suffered much and her losses were irreparable, she may well be proud of the stout defense she made in support of the cause her sons deemed right, even though it proved a lost cause.

Even in blood and battle we may find romance as well as history, and one has but to motor over Virginia's magnificent highways, and stop to read the commemorative tablets one sees everywhere, to find romantic and historic associations in abundance. There is romance and history also in many of the old and stately homes, the old buildings and the sleepy

little villages. Everywhere, if one can win the confidence and friendship of the people, one hears legends, tales, traditions as full of romance, adventure and suspense as any novel—tales of haunted houses and ghostly wraiths, of dramas and tragedies, feuds and even hidden treasure. And aside from man-made romance there is the romance of natural beauty, for few states can compare with Virginia when it comes to scenic attractions—the forest-clothed mountains, the broad silver rivers, the lush verdant valleys, the wave-washed beaches, the widespread plantations, and the marvelous subterranean caverns.

Virginia fairly teems with caverns; yet even these are but a small portion of the state's natural wonders. There is the "Burning Spring" in Wise County where for years liquid flames have bubbled and hissed from the mysterious depths. In Nelson County are the "Chimneys." There is the world-famous Natural Bridge, the even more amazing Natural Tunnel. There are cañons that rival those of the Rocky Mountains; and Virginia can boast the highest waterfalls east of the Rockies, with the Great Falls of the Potomac, on the boundary between Maryland and Virginia, which are worthy rivals of Niagara. And those who are fond of climbing mountains will find countless lofty ridges and mile-high peaks.

For those who find scant interest in either romance, history, or the masterpieces of Nature, Virginia offers an ideal playground, and is a veritable Mecca for sportsmen, health seekers and vacationists. Its min-

eral springs, its hot springs and its climate are famed for their health-building qualities. Its forests teem with game ranging from bear and deer to wild turkeys and quail. Its bays and estuaries are alive with ducks, geese and brant during the winter season. Its shores are the haunt of snipe and shore birds. Its marshes are famed for their rail, and in the depths of the Dismal Swamp is a real hunters' Paradise. The streams and lakes of the state abound with bass, trout, pike and other fresh-water game fish, while sea fishing in Virginian waters cannot be equaled anywhere north of Florida. Golf links, country clubs, palatial hotels, smooth sandy beaches, attractive camps, bridle paths and out-of-door recreations are to be found everywhere, and there are few if any states which can boast of such universally good roads.

Finally there are the gardens. Nowhere in all our land, perhaps, are there people so devoted to their flower gardens, and during GARDEN WEEK, held each year under the auspices of THE GARDEN CLUB OF VIRGINIA, the state becomes one vast garden, a blaze of color, a sight worth going many miles to see. At that time the marvelous old private gardens and gardens of historic interest are opened to the public. And even when and where cultivated and formal gardens do not exist, Nature comes to the rescue, carpeting fields and meadows with bloom and transforming orchards to solid masses of pink and white. In fact Virginia is truly one great garden. Everywhere along the roadsides are jungles of odor-

ous honeysuckle with masses of red and pink roses rioting over fences, walls, boulders and bushes.

No wonder Virginians love their state and are proud of it. And, strange as it may seem, Virginia possesses one feature which I have found in no other state. One knows when one has entered Virginia. Though her boundaries are but imaginary lines, yet there is something, some intangible atmosphere about Virginia that makes her confines as sharply defined as though blazoned in five-foot letters on a signboard. Perchance it is the vegetation, perhaps the type of architecture, possibly the combination of many small details together. But whatever the reason I—and I have met many who confess to the same sensations—can "sense" crossing the Virginia boundary, whether entering the Old Dominion from the north, west or south.

And one has only to know the state, to meet its wholly delightful and hospitable people, to motor over its roads and view its entrancing panoramas in order to understand why the native sons and daughters should love their homeland so devotedly, and to realize why to be "a Virginian" is an honor and a heritage to be proud of.

It is to picture the romance and the lure of Virginia, to describe her colorful past and her fascinating present, to point out the more important and the less known features of the state and many a forgotten incident and anecdote of the state's glorious past, that this book has been written.

It is not intended as guide book, neither is it a history of Virginia. Yet it may serve the purpose of both in a measure; and, as history and romance ever go hand-in-hand, and as many persons may find Virginia's history even more interesting than her romance, a certain amount of Virginia's history has been embodied in the text while an appendix giving the more important historical dates and events and the more noteworthy historical sites and scenes has been added to the book.

To those who visit Virginia with an eye to romantic and historic events and associations, this volume may prove an interesting and valuable guide book. But so rich is Virginia in natural features and scenic attractions devoid of romantic interest or historical events that to describe such in detail would be impossible in a work of this size and scope.

In fact even to mention all the Old Dominion's beauty spots, all the states' glorious scenery, even all its Civil War battlefields would require not one volume but a round dozen at least. But it is hoped that the readers of this book will find in its pages much of interest, much that is new, much that will add to a knowledge of our country in its making, and that it will arouse a greater interest in the oldest, the most historic and one of the most beautiful of our states—the birthplace of our nation, the cradle of our liberty—Virginia.

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# ROMANTIC AND HISTORIC VIRGINIA

## CHAPTER I

### A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF HISTORY

ALTHOUGH we usually think of the settlement of Virginia as dating from the arrival of Captain John Smith and his colonists at Jamestown, yet there had been European settlements in Virginia many years before Captain John dreamed of finding a route to far Cathay by sailing up Chesapeake Bay.

Neither can the British claim to have been the first to visit or to establish a settlement in what is now Virginia; for, although it is an almost unknown and forgotten chapter in America's history, one of the most tragic romantic episodes in the history of Virginia was the establishment of a Spanish mission on the Potomac.

No one knows just when the Spaniards discovered the Chesapeake or who the adventurous Don was who piloted his pot-bellied ship between the capes, which he christened Cabo Santa Maria and Cabo San Juan, and, sailing up the lovely island-studded bay, named it Bahia de Santa Maria. But he must have been one of the earliest of Spanish voyagers, for the bay and capes under their Spanish names are mentioned by Oviedo; they are shown on a copper globe made by Ulpius in 1540, which once was the property

of Pope Marcellus II and they appear on Cabot's map of 1544.

The Spaniards, whosoever they may have been, were—like Captain John Smith—searching for an all-water route to Cipango and India; and, finding that the rivers flowing into the Bahia de Santa Maria held no promise of enabling them to reach the Pacific, they sailed away. But they did not go empty handed. For once in the history of Spanish discoverers, they had made friends instead of enemies of the Indians, and at a large village on the Espiritu Santo (the Potomac) which was called Oksocan (the original name has been perpetuated as Occoquan)* they had been regally entertained, and treated most hospitably by the Indian chieftain. Just how long the Spaniards remained at Oksocan history fails to record, but obviously they must have been there for some time, for they managed to converse with the Indians, and the Dominican friars who accompanied the expedition induced the chief's brother to leave his home and tribesmen and voyage forth and see the world, and, incidentally, to be converted to Christianity. So, when the high-pooped, clumsy caravel again sailed out past the capes, a Virginian Indian stood upon her decks and gazed at the green shores

* In the Spanish documents the name appears as AXACAN; but this was unquestionably phonetic spelling, or as nearly like the Indian name as the Spaniards could pronounce it. If given the same pronunciation by English spelling it would be OKSACAN and in all probability the actual Indian word was OKSAQUAN or OKSOQUAN which is practically identical with the present-day name of OCCOQUAN.

of Virginia growing hazy astern. Southward the little vessel sailed, through the Straits of Florida, along the coast of Cuba, across the Gulf of Mexico, to cast anchor at last in the harbor of Vera Cruz.

Doubtless it was all most marvelous to the Indian youth, but in all probability he was most amazed at discovering there were people of his own race, as well as white men, in this far-distant tropical land called Mexico.

At that time the Viceroy of Mexico was Don Luis de Velasco, perhaps the most honest, just and upright of all the Viceroys of New Spain, whose partisans could ever point with pride to the fact that, despite his opportunities to acquire vast wealth, he had lived and died poor and in debt.

Don Luis received the Virginian warrior personally, questioned him as to his country and people, expressed deep interest in the land to the north, and arranged to have the Indian instructed in the tenets of the Church by his own Father Confessor. Intelligent and anxious to acquire knowledge, the native of Oksocan soon mastered Spanish and the rituals of Catholicism, and was baptized with great pomp and ceremony in the Cathedral of Mexico City. The Viceroy himself acted as his godfather, all the élite of the capital were present, and the Archbishop officiated in person, christening the Virginian Indian with the name of his patron, the Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco.

It was shortly after this that Don Pedro Menen-

dez de Aviles, having put a stop to the French Huguenot settlements in Florida by the simple and effective method of butchering one and all, began to make plans for extending Spain's dominions farther north along the Atlantic Coast of North America. He had heard of the Bahia de Santa Maria and the great Espiritu Santo River and he still believed that it must afford a route to the Indies. In 1566, he dispatched a ship with some forty men and two Dominican priests to establish a settlement at Oksocan, whence they were to be guided by Don Luis de Velasco, the Indian convert. But unfortunately the friars selected for the mission had but recently come from Peru, and having been for long accustomed to every luxury and the easy-going life of Lima, the capital of all New Spain, they were not overjoyed at the idea of dwelling for heaven knew how long in an untamed wilderness amid equally untamed savages. So they put their heads together, concocted terrifying tales of the natural and supernatural perils of Virginia, and, despite Don Luis' denials and arguments, so wrought upon the superstitions of the credulous crew that they abandoned all idea of going to the Bahia de Santa Maria and headed for Spain instead.

Four years passed by. Menendez, discredited, penniless, but still as full of visionary schemes as ever, arrived in Spain. To his friend, Francisco Borgia, he unfolded his scheme to colonize Virginia and establish Spanish dominion therein—along with the True Faith; and, to confirm his statement as to

the country and its inhabitants, he called the Indian, Don Luis, to the conference. Thoroughly Spanishized, a courtly gentleman attired in all the finery and decorations of his wealth and station, the former native of Virginia was enthusiastic over Menendez's idea of founding a Spanish mission and colony on the shores of the Potomac.

So, once again, the brother of the chieftain of Oksocan found himself at sea bound for distant Virginia. The expedition put in to Santa Elena, the Spanish stronghold on the coast of what now is South Carolina, where supplies and fresh water were taken aboard and a few men ill with scurvy were landed. On the fifth of August, 1570, the ship hove up anchor and headed northward for the Chesapeake. Creeping along the coast, bucking the Arctic Current of which the navigators of those days were wholly ignorant, and beset by contrary winds, the Spaniards made such slow progress that it was not until the tenth of September that they entered the great bay and, piloted by Don Luis, the Indian convert, worked up the Potomac to Oksocan.

Upon their arrival the Spaniards found the country in dire state. As was the case when, fifty years later, the Pilgrims arrived in Massachusetts, famine had swept the land and only the half-starved survivors of decimated tribes remained to greet Don Luis and his priestly companions. To the Indians the arrival of their long-mourned tribesman seemed a sign from the Almighty, and they welcomed him

back with almost as great reverence as though he were a deity himself; and scarcely less effusive was their welcome to the Spanish priests who were Don Luis' friends and hence theirs.

But to the padres, accustomed to the warmth and the luxuriance of Florida, this new land of Virginia appeared an almost hopeless proposition. A series of droughts had scourged the land, the winter was fast approaching, and many of the company were for turning back and abandoning all plans to establish a mission and Spanish dominion at Oksocan. But Father Segura, who was in charge, was a Jesuit while the priests who had so dismally failed before had been Dominicans; and unquestionably it was the enmity and jealousy that had for long existed between the two orders which caused Father Segura to overrule all objections and decide to remain.

The captain of the ship, however, had no mind to stop longer than was necessary to land his passengers and their belongings, and the priests had barely time to write a few hurried lines to Menendez, beseeching speedy relief and supplies, before the ship sailed away. The two letters written by Fathers Segura and Quiros from Oksocan in 1570, are still preserved, the earliest known documents dealing with Virginia.

For a time all went well. Don Luis aided the priests. He taught them how to erect lodges or houses like those of the Indians, in order to provide shelter until more serviceable buildings could be made; he

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had his tribesmen provide what fish, game and wild fruits and nuts they could obtain from a country already stripped of nearly everything edible; and he secured a number of converts to the Christian Faith. But presently the Fathers noticed that the hitherto friendly Indians were keeping aloof. They came more and more seldom to the little settlement of the Spaniards; they became sullen and uncommunicative, and from time to time Don Luis would disappear for long periods.

The priests, hundreds of miles from any white men, completely cut off from the rest of the civilized world, possessing only a rudimentary knowledge of the Indians' tongue, and hence wholly unaware of what was taking place in Florida and other Spanish settlements, could not understand this change of attitude on the part of the Indians. But the Indians had their own means of communication. Only too well were they aware of the activities of the white men elsewhere. They had learned of the wholesale slaughter of Florida Indians, of men, women and children being seized and sold as slaves, and they were filled with misgivings as to the wisdom of permitting white men to secure and retain a footing at Oksocan.

Already, in their councils, the question of killing the Spaniards had been discussed; and Don Luis, the Christianized, Spanishized brother of the chief, was the only member of the tribe who argued against such a drastic step. He had lived many years in Mexico,

he well knew the fate of his race once the white men invaded their lands; but also he had dwelt long in Spain and he well knew the power, the armament and the character of the Spaniards. It would be an easy matter to wipe out the handful of Fathers and Brothers, he agreed; but, he pointed out, the priests had sent letters back to Spain begging that a ship be sent quickly to their aid. And when the ship arrived and the Spaniards found the priests had been killed, they surely would wreak terrible vengeance upon the Indians. Moreover, he argued, even if the tribesmen escaped by fleeing into the forest, other Spaniards would take the place of the murdered priests; they would build a fort, arm it with cannon, wage relentless war upon the Indians and, in the end, would triumph and possess the land. Better to remain friends, embrace the Spaniards' religion, become civilized and bow to the white men's will and power rather than to be hunted and killed like wild beasts.

His brother, the chief, agreed with Don Luis as far as killing the priests was concerned. But, he suggested, why not leave the question of their fate to the Great Spirit? Let the Indians desert the priests, let them remain in their villages and render no further aid to the white men. Winter was approaching. Food was very scarce. The white Fathers taught that the Great Spirit would ever guard and protect good men. If the priests were good men, surely their God would see that they survived the winter. And if they died, thus proving they were not the holy men they pre-

tended to be, and the ship arrived and the Spaniards found the Fathers had perished from hunger and cold, then they would have no cause to wreak vengeance upon the Indians. All agreed that this was the best plan, and, to make the desertion of the Indians complete, Don Luis himself promised to remain among his tribesmen and not return to the mission.

The priests, of course, had no suspicions of what was taking place in the council house of the Indian village nearly two days' journey from their pathetic little settlement. But the presence of Don Luis was essential to them, and again and again the younger men made the long, arduous journey through the forest and besought Don Luis to return to the mission. But always he refused, and the stories the Brothers brought back were far from reassuring. Don Luis, they reported, had completely reverted to the Indian. He had cast off the veneer of civilization and Christianity, together with his rich garments, and had become a savage. In place of boots of Cordovan leather he wore buckskin moccasins; his plumed hat had been discarded in favor of a beaded fillet of leather adorned with wild turkey and eagle feathers; trunks and hose had been supplanted by a breechcloth; no longer was his body clothed in shirt and doublet, but was wrapped in a robe of painted buffalo skin, and his face was daubed with black, red and white paint.

The good Fathers shook their heads and prayed even more fervently and more often than before for

their own deliverance and for the soul of Don Luis which they felt sure had been lost. Yet even then they did not dream of their own peril at the hands of the Indians, nor did they guess at the reason for Don Luis' sudden reversion to savagery and his refusal to return to the mission.

Slowly the dreary winter dragged on. Half starved, subsisting on anything and everything edible that they could find, emaciated, weak and suffering from the bitter cold, the priests prayed and waited, waited and watched for their one forlorn hope—the ship from Santa Elena bringing help and supplies, food, and civilized white men. But when February had drawn near its close, when the last morsel of food had been consumed and still the vessel had failed to arrive, Father Segura decided to make one last appeal to Don Luis, one final effort to induce him to come to the missionaries' aid, and to send Father Quiros in person to talk with the errant convert.

Accompanied by Brothers De Solis and Mendez, the priests set out. It must have been a terrible undertaking—that long journey overland through the winter forest. Tramping along scarcely visible trails through deep snow, crossing the frozen streams, weak from hunger, the three toiled on, until at last they reached the Indians' village. But they were met with sullen looks, there were no words of welcome to greet them, and when they sought Don Luis and begged him to return and save the mission with his tribesmen's help, he evaded their questions, made

flimsy excuses for his behavior, and half-hearted promises.

All this was disheartening enough and, utterly discouraged, the priests turned away. But scarcely had they left the confines of the village when they fell, pierced by scores of arrows. Instantly, all their savage instinct aroused by their murder of the priests, the Indians stripped the bodies of their victims and mutilated them.

Unaware of the tragedy and the death of his fellow priests, Father Segura and his remaining comrades spent their time in prayer until, on the fourth day, savage cries from the surrounding wilderness rudely interrupted their devotions. Thinking that Father Quiros and the two Brothers had returned with the Indians, the priests hurried to meet them. The next moment they stood, staring with amazed, incredulous eyes as they saw Don Luis, wearing the bloodstained cassock of Father Quiros, waving a war club and rushing on them at the head of a mob of painted, armed savages.

Halting his warriors, the godson of a Spanish Viceroy stepped forward, and in curt savage tones demanded that the priests deliver over their knives, axes and any weapons they might possess. Convinced that Don Luis had become possessed of the devil, realizing that it was hopeless to offer resistance, the priests surrendered everything demanded. Then, kneeling before their little altar, they lifted their voices in prayer as they awaited the fate they knew

was near. Don Luis himself gave the signal for the final act of the tragedy. Swiftly and mercifully Death came to the kneeling priests. Only one Spaniard was spared, a boy named Alfonso who, for some inexplicable reason (as so often happened during Indian massacres) won the heart of a brother of Don Luis and thus was saved.

The bodies of Father John Baptist Segura, Brothers Gabriel Gomez, Pedro de Linares, Sancho Levallos and Cristobal Redondo, together with the slain mission Indian servants, were buried beneath the altar and the buildings put to the torch.

Perhaps it was as well for the priests that they did meet death at the hands of the Indians. Certainly it was a more merciful end than to have perished from starvation, which would have been their fate otherwise, for not until late in the spring did the long-overdue ship arrive.

There was no sign of buildings, and the men ashore, clad in the cassocks of priests, were behaving in a far from priestly manner. Even when several Indians came alongside the ship and in broken Spanish cried: "See, we have treated the Fathers well. Land and see them and we will treat you likewise," the Spaniards were suspicious. Why, they asked themselves, did the Fathers not come out to greet their fellow countrymen? And as they scrutinized the cassock-clad figures more carefully they discovered that they were Indians.

That was enough. Seizing two of the savages who

had been trying to lure them ashore, the Spaniards hurriedly hoisted sail and headed down the river toward the sea. At Santa Elena, Menendez, returning from Spain, met the ship from Virginia and, hearing of the tragedy, which was confirmed by the captive Indians forced to confess under torture, he made immediate plans for reprisal. Taking command in person Menendez sailed for Oksocan with a large force of heavily armed men. No Indians were visible at the site of the mission and, landing with his men-at-arms, the founder of St. Augustine, the commander of the Invincible Armada, the merciless butcher of Ribault and his Huguenots, unfurled the Spanish flag and took possession of Virginia in the name of the King of Spain.

Then, at the head of his mail-clad men, Menendez marched inland on his mission of vengeance. Capturing several Indians, he ordered them to carry word to their people that if the guilty leaders were delivered to him the innocent tribesmen would be spared. But news of the avengers' arrival had already reached the Indian village. Don Luis' prophecy had been fulfilled and, realizing his own peril, he and his brother, the chief, with the greater part of the tribe, fled to the fastnesses of the forests and mountains and sought refuge with an alien tribe. But the other brother, who had saved the boy, Alfonso, remained and brought the youth to Menendez and restored him to his countrymen.

From the lips of this sole survivor of the mas-

sacre the Spanish commander heard the tragic story of the slaughter; and, making prisoners of such of the Indians as Alfonso could identify as having taken an active part in the murders of the Fathers, he put some to torture and death and hanged eight of the savages to the yardarm of his ship.

Then, having accomplished his errand of vengeance and justice, Menendez sailed away, leaving the standard of Spain fluttering in the wind above the graves of the martyred priests and the ashes of the first European settlement in Virginia.

It is difficult for us of today to realize that all this took place so close to the Nation's Capital, that from the Washington Monument one may see the very spot where Don Luis and his warriors slaughtered the Spanish missionaries over three centuries ago.

Never again did the Spaniards return to Virginia. The Indians, filled with superstitious dread of the deserted flag, avoided the spot. Grass, weeds and brush hid the fire-blackened remains of the mission and the scars of man's handiwork. Tattered and torn, the banner of Spain eventually succumbed to winds and weather, and the romantic story of Don Luis, the Indian godson of a Viceroy was forgotten.

Yet, in another part of Virginia, beside the James River, Fate was laying the foundations for an even greater and far more famous romance in which the descendents of Don Luis were to play the most conspicuous part. Fleeing southward to escape the

JAMESTOWN

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, SMITHFIELD

Spaniards' vengeance, Don Luis and the greater number of his tribesmen joined a small tribe whose villages dotted the lands along the James and York Rivers. Profiting by his experience among civilized white men, and realizing that at any time others might arrive and that the Indians' only chance of survival lay in tribal unison, Don Luis, with every vestige of civilization cast aside, consolidated the various tribes to form the nucleus of the powerful confederacy of Powhatan. And when, nearly thirty years later, Captain John Smith was captured by Powhatan's braves, his life was saved by an Indian girl in whose veins flowed the blood of Don Luis de Velasco, the Indian namesake of the Viceroy of Mexico, the one-time Christian gentleman of Spain, the warrior who had destroyed Spain's foothold in Virginia and thus had paved the way for its settlement by the British.

## CHAPTER II

### THE BIRTH OF VIRGINIA

FOURTEEN years after the Spanish priests had been massacred at their mission beside the Potomac, the British made their first attempt to establish a colony in what is now the United States.

In April 1585, Sir Walter Raleigh despatched seven ships and one hundred men in command of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, to colonize the "Fayre lande" which had been named Virginia in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen.

Many an Englishman destined to become famous set sail on this voyage. There was Thomas Cavendish, who was the second English mariner to circumnavigate the globe; Ralph Land, who later became governor of the ill-fated colony; John White, the artist, who fortunately has left us drawings and sketches which supply the most trustworthy data on the Indians of the district; and Thomas Herriot, one of the most distinguished scientists of his day, whose history of the colony supplies us with what little real knowledge we possess of the country in those days; and several others.

Under the best conditions the voyage overseas from the Old World to the New was long and te-

dious in the sixteenth century, for the only course then known was via the West Indies, and the ships were slow and clumsy. And when Grenville, sailing through West Indian waters, sighted a Spanish galleon, his piratical instincts got the better of him. Then, having captured one Spanish vessel, he decided to try his luck further, with the result that he did not reach Virginia until three months after leaving England, albeit he had taken "Spanish Fregattes with rich freight and divers Spaniards of accounte which were ransommed for goode rounde summes."

Anchoring off Roanoke Island, Grenville landed his colonists and set sail for home with his Spanish loot. But before leaving he managed to commit an uncalled-for and inexcusable act which had a very great bearing upon the future of the colony. The Indians had welcomed the English in the most friendly manner; but one member of the tribe helped himself to a silver cup; and in retaliation for this petty theft, if theft it could be called, Grenville burned the Indian village and their entire crop of standing corn. Retribution for this cruel and unwarranted act followed swiftly. When, a little later, the colonists' supplies ran low and the ship with expected provisions failed to arrive from England, there was no corn of the Indians to draw upon, the natives had been transformed from friends to foes, and the disheartened settlers suffered and starved for an entire year.

Only by chance were they saved from annihilation.

Sir Francis Drake, returning from one of his voyages to "synge ye bearde of ye Kinge of Spane," decided to stop in at Roanoke and see how the colony was getting along. He found the settlers emaciated, ill, literally starving to death in a land of plenty, and thoroughly disgusted with the idea of remaining in Virginia. So, taking the survivors aboard his ships, he sailed away for Devon. Ignorant of all this, Grenville returned to Roanoke Island in 1586 and found the place deserted. But he was determined to establish English settlers on Virginian soil, and left fifteen men with sufficient supplies for two years.

A few months later, Sir Walter Raleigh sent out a second fleet with one hundred and fifty settlers, seventeen of whom were women. With these colonists was John White, the artist, together with twelve "assistents" to help him administer the "Citty of Roanoke" of which he had been appointed governor. This time, too, the sponsors of the expedition had wisely selected farmers and laborers as potential colonists; and had the scheme been properly conducted, and had the friendship of the Indians been retained, there is no doubt that Virginia could have claimed the honor of having the oldest European city in North America north of Florida.

The ships reached Roanoke July 22, 1587, to find only ashes of huts and moldering bones remaining of the fifteen men left by Grenville, gruesome evidences of the Indians' hatred of the white men and their determination to avenge the injustice in-

flicted upon them by the British. It speaks volumes for the courage and determination of these "men of the bulldog breed" that the fate of their predecessors did not prevent them from landing and establishing their homes on the island. And here, on August 18, 1587, the first child of English parentage was born on American soil. Her mother was Eleanor White, daughter of the artist-governor; her father was one of White's twelve assistants, a man bearing the far from enviable name of Ananias Dare; and the child was christened Virginia Dare.

For a time the settlement did fairly well. Forests were cleared, fields planted and houses and a makeshift church were built. And when the Governor went back to England to report and to induce more colonists to sail to Virginia, he little dreamed of what Fate had in store for the "Citty of Roanoke." It had been arranged before he left that, in case of any misfortune or adversity, the word "Croatoan" and a cross was to be carved on one of the "chief posts" at the entrance of the stockade. But when, in 1591, Governor White arrived at Roanoke he found the place silent and deserted, while upon a tree were cut the letters "CRO—" "in fayre capitall letters without any crosse or signe of distresse." No one doubted that the colonists had been massacred by the Indians, and that the survivor, who had attempted to follow out the prearranged plans for leaving a message, had been killed before he could complete the word he had started. The atmosphere

of disaster and death that hung over the place was too much for White's company; the men refused to settle or even to land at Roanoke and insisted on being taken to the West Indies.

Following this setback to the settlement of Virginia, Raleigh sent five expeditions to America, the last in 1603, in search of his lost colonists and in an endeavor to reestablish a British settlement in Virginia; but they were as unsuccessful in the one purpose as in the other. Sir Walter's resources were at an end, and he sold his rights and his Virginia Patent to the "Company of Merchants of London and Gentlemen Adventurers to Virginia." One of the "Adventurers" was Captain John Smith; another was Hakluyt, the author of the famous "Voyages"; another was Governor White, grandfather of Virginia Dare; and there were twenty-six others. In the transference of his rights to the new organization, Raleigh retained an interest of one fifth of "any gold and silver they may find," which is interesting as proving that even the British were seeking precious metals as well as to establish colonies in Virginia. In return for this share in the gold and silver possibilities, Raleigh paid the "Gentlemen Adventurers's" company one hundred pounds toward establishing the Christian Faith among the Indians of Virginia, and promised to petition the Queen to confirm his charter to the Merchants of London Company.

But Good Queen Bess had been gathered to her

forefathers and years had passed before King James issued the first Royal Charter of Virginia, on April 10, 1606. In this document, Virginia was defined as extending from the sea for one hundred miles inland, and from Florida to the St. Lawrence; but in a later charter, dated 1609, this was changed to embrace all the territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific from the thirty-fourth to the forty-fifth parallel of latitude. It was also provided that within this vast area was to "be planted a First Colony in the southern half," and a "second colony in the northern half." The grant to the first was given to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Kts; Richard Hakluyt, and Henry Maria Wingfield, adventurers, and "all such others as are or shalle be joyned unto themm."

Although Virginia at that time included what is now New England, oddly enough the term New England was, at the same time, applied to the entire area extending from Canada to what is now South Carolina, and from coast to coast. And it is an interesting commentary on the whims of Fate that, had it not been for the Spaniards in the West Indies, and the disregard of orders on the part of a ship's captain, our present New England would have been permanently settled before Virginia, and the colonists who built Jamestown would have erected their homes in the New World on the soil of Maine or Massachusetts. But, although Virginia can rightfully claim to have had the earliest established *permanent* British colony in North America, and with equal

truth may claim to have been the first portion of our continent to have had a British settlement, yet there was a colony of Englishmen in Maine a year before Captain John Smith and his fellows established Jamestown, for on August 9, 1607, the ships *Gift of God* and *Mary and John* dropped anchor near the mouth of the Penobscot and one hundred and twenty sea-weary British colonists landed at Hunniwell Point and established a settlement—short-lived to be sure, for it lasted barely a year.

Neither must we forget that four years earlier, in 1603, Captain John Smith had visited Maine; and when, in August 1606, Sir Ferdinando Gorges dispatched the *Richard of Plymouth* under command of Captain Challons to establish a colony in what was then known as Virginia, the captain received orders to take a northerly course until he made a landfall and then follow southward (piloted by two Maine Indians who had been kidnaped and taken to England several years before) until he reached the mouth of the Penobscot. But Captain Challons was a rather weak-kneed and far from skillful navigator. He knew nothing of the northern seas—all ships at that time taking a southerly course via the West Indies; he feared fogs and unknown dangers; and as soon as the coast of England had vanished below the horizon astern, he cast orders to the winds and steered to the southward, planning to work up the coast as was customary in those days. But unluckily for him, his ship was captured by a Spanish fleet

when off Puerto Rico, Challons and his men and the colonists aboard were made prisoners, and Maine lost the honor of being permanently settled before Virginia.

## CHAPTER III

### THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT

For twenty years no white-winged ships entered the Chesapeake, and the Indians were left in undisputed possession of Virginia. But the British still had their minds if not their eyes on the new land, and in 1607 three ships set sail from England bound for what now is Virginia.

We of today, accustomed to great ocean liners rushing across the Atlantic in four or five days, cannot fully realize what it meant to cross the ocean three centuries ago. In those distant days, bold-hearted navigators and adventurers fared forth into unknown, uncharted seas—and thought little of doing so—in vessels so small and frail, so poorly equipped and such poor sailers, that were similar craft to cross the Atlantic today, even if provided with every modern device and equipment, the feat would be heralded as marvelous, an epochal achievement. Neither can we conceive of the courage of the little group of men who, standing upon the decks of those ships, watched the white cliffs of Old England drop from sight astern. Before them stretched thousands of miles of storm-lashed ocean, a voyage

made even longer than necessary by the fact that the navigators, ignorant of the fact that they could sail straight across the Atlantic, set a course for the West Indies and from there headed north and west for the mainland.

It was not until two years after the settlement of Jamestown that Captain Samuel Argyll discovered that it was possible to voyage from England to Virginia without "tracing through the Torrid Zoan," as he expressed it. Hence, added to the perils of stormy seas and tempests, were the dangers of attacks by Spaniards or pirates in West Indian waters, the countless unknown shoals and reefs unmarked on the crude and incorrect charts and maps of the times, and the dangers of hostile savages when, after weary weeks of hardships and discomforts, of stale and stinking water, maggotty meat and moldy bread, the voyagers set foot upon the shores of America.

Also, their objective was indefinite and nebulous. At that time all the land from Key West to the St. Lawrence was known as Florida, by the Spaniards, while everything north of the Spanish settlements in what now is Florida was known to the English as Virginia. And in all that long stretch of thousands of miles of coastline the only Europeans were the Spaniards at St. Augustine. But the British were not at all discouraged by their dismal failures to establish settlements in the new land. Exaggerated tales of its fertility, its riches and its promise, even fantastic tales of gold-laden savages and pearl-decked

houses, lured adventurous souls westward, and once more the "Gentlemen Adventurers" set sail to establish a colony in Virginia.

Adventure, courage, romance! Never were wave-tossed, wind-buffeted, stern-castled, pot-bellied little ships more crowded with all three. Yet of all the ships' company, none was so adventurous, so courageous or so romantic as the leader of the expedition. Sailor and soldier, pirate and piccaroon, explorer and navigator, he should have borne a knightly name in keeping with his deeds of daring; but instead he was known by the commonest, most plebeian of English cognomens—John Smith. Yet Captain John Smith was no common or ordinary man, and even if we are to believe but one half of the amazing feats and adventures credited to him, he must stand at the head of the list of all the adventurous and romantic dare-devils of his day. Being a writer of no mean attainments, as well as a past master in so many other vocations, Captain John Smith set down the story of his life and deeds in a quaint volume entitled: "The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations of Captain John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africa and America from Anno Domini 1593 to 1629; His Accidents and Sea Fights in the Straits; His Service and Stratagems of War in Hungary, Transylvania, Wallachi and Moldavia, against the Turks and Tartars, Their Strange Manners and Customs of Religions, Diets, Buildings, Wars, Feats, Liv-

ING AND CEREMONIES; HOW HE SLEW THE BASHAW OF MALBRITZ IN CAMBRIA, AND ESCAPED FROM THE TURKS AND THE TARTARS; TOGETHER WITH A CONTINUATION OF HIS GENERAL HISTORY OF VIRGINIA, SUMMER ISLES, NEW ENGLAND AND THEIR PROCEEDINGS SINCE 1624 TO THIS PRESENT 1629."

From all of which it will be seen that Captain Smith was a man of many parts and doughty deeds, and had lived fast and furiously and romantically, for he had accomplished all this within the space of fourteen years and was but twenty-seven years of age when he set sail on his epochal voyage to establish a colony in what is now Virginia.

Yet it is safe to say that in the minds of most persons the only important event associated with Captain John Smith is the highly romantic episode of Pocahontas. As a matter of fact, Smith himself regarded this most famous of his adventures as of very little interest or importance, which is scarcely surprising after reading his accounts of previous deeds and hairbreadth escapes.

In due course of time, the *Sarah Constant,* the *Goodspeed* and the *Discovery* reached the shores of America and, cruising about, entered a broad and tranquil estuary. On the thirteenth of May they dropped anchors thirty miles from the mouth of the river, which was christened the James in honor of the British sovereign. Here, on a fair island, the men landed, and, taking possession in the name of God Almighty and the King of England, they pre-

pared to establish their settlement. They had seen Indians about—dugout canoes with their naked savage occupants had been sighted as the ships had worked slowly inward from the capes, and on the shore of the river canoes were drawn up on the beach near a village of thatched lodges.

They were taking no chances, these men from London town, and Captain Smith, being an old campaigner even if young in years, saw to it that the landing party went ashore fully armed and clad in steel corselets and caps. But the Indians seemed shy rather than hostile; no attempt was made to attack the strange white men who had so mysteriously arrived in great white-winged canoes and, without opposition, the Englishmen stepped ashore. If the redmen, who gazed half awed, half curiously at the steel-clad men in their high jack boots and bearing clumsy matchlocks in their hands, had foreseen what the strangers' arrival meant to the Indian race they would unquestionably have killed them one and all; and had the wondering, sea-weary Englishmen foreseen the agonies and sufferings in store for them, they would perhaps have welcomed swift and sudden death at the hands of the savages rather than the slow and awful deaths destined for many of the little company. But Fate willed otherwise, and the newly arrived colonists prepared to establish the first British settlement on American soil.

Unfortunately, as was so often the case, the men who had come overseas to Virginia, as Captain

Smith named the unknown and unexplored land, were totally unfitted to be colonists. Mainly they were city bred, few of the one hundred had ever handled an axe, much less felled a tree, and those who had any knowledge of carpentry or building were wholly at sea when it came to erecting log cabins. Also many were ill, a number were suffering from infectious diseases, the small store of food that remained after the long voyage was unfit for human consumption, and, in addition to all this, the spot they had selected was about the worst they could have found—a low, marshy miasmic place, swarming with mosquitoes and no suitable locality for raising crops.

For months they labored, fighting pestilential insects, chopping down the great trees, clearing the brush, building crude, inadequate shelters and a rude fort for protection against possible attacks by Indians. Had it not been for the indomitable spirit of adventurous Captain John Smith, his strength of character and his unfailing optimism, "James Citty" never would have been hewn from the forest of the island. Bold born leader that he was, Smith drove, led and coaxed until, to quote his own words: "In a month and a day the fort was built," crude shacks were erected, forests were cleared and fields planted. Neither did the colonists neglect their religious duties for, whatever their other failings may have been, they were a God-fearing lot—not austere, bigoted and fanatical like the Puritans who, ten years later,

landed on the shores of Massachusetts, but trusting implicitly in Almighty God and feeling it their bounden duty to worship Him and to have a church wherein to pray.

In fact the church, if church it could be called, was attended to before the homes. "For a church," wrote Smith, "wee did hang an old saile to three or foure grate trees to so shadow us from the Sunne, our walles were railes of wood, our seates unhewed trees, tille wee cutte plankes; our Pulpit a barre of woode nailed to two neighboring trees—this was our Church tille we built a homely thing like a barne, set upon crochets covered with rafters, sedge and earth, so was the walles. The beste of our houses were of like workmanshippe, that neither could well defende winde or rayne; yette we had Daily Common Prayer morning and evening, every Sunday Two Sermons, and every three months Holy Communion tille our Minister died; butte our Prayers daily, with our Homily on Sunday, we continued two or three years after, till more Preachers came."

For their first shelters the settlers spread sail-cloth over poles to form tents; and, fearing possible attacks by Indians, the first efforts were devoted to building a stockade. This was triangular in form, with the southern side, facing the river, one hundred and forty yards in length, and the east and west sides each one hundred yards long. At each angle was a "bullworke or watchtower" with cannon mounted in each. By the end of the first year "James Citty" had

BACON'S "CASTLE"

WESTOVER

IN THE DISMAL SWAMP

become quite an imposing little settlement. Along the inside of each of the stockade walls, was "a streete of houses." "In the middest was a market place, a store house, a guarde house and a chappel."

But perhaps the best idea of what was taking place at "James Citty" at that time may be obtained from the first letter written from the colony, which embodies the report of the "Council in Virginia to the Council of the Virginia Company in England, carried by hande of Captain Christopher Newport in the goode shippe *Sarah Constant,*" which, omitting the quaint old spelling, read as follows:

Within less than seven weeks we had fortified well against the Indians. We have some good store of wheat, we have sent you a taste of clapboard, we have built some houses, we have spared some to discovery, and still as God shall enable us with strength we will better and better our proceedings. Our easiest and richest commodity being Sasafrix (sassafras) roots were gathered up by the sailors with loss and spoil of many of our tools and withdrawing of our men from our labour. (Sassafras tea was believed to be "very wholesome for the preservation of man's health on long voyages at sea.")

We wish that they may be dealt with so that all the loss neither fall upon us nor them. I believe they have thereof two tunnes at least, which if they scatter abroad at their pleasure will pull down our price for a long time, we leave this to your wisdom. The land would flow with milk and honey if seconded by your careful wisdoms and bountiful hands. We do not per-

suade you to shoot one arrow to seek another, but to find them both. And we doubt not but to send them home with golden heads. We are set down 80 miles within a River, for breadth, sweetness of water, length navigable up into the country, deep and bold channel so stored with sturgeon and other sweet fish as no man's fortune hath ever possessed the like—The soil is most fruitfull, laden with good Oak, Ash, Walnut Tree, Poplar, Pine, sweet woods, Cedar, and others yet without names that yield gums pleasing as Frankincense and experienced amongst us for great virtue in healing green wounds and aches. We entreat your succors with all expedition lest that all-devouring Spaniard lay his ravenous hands upon these gold showing mountains which if we be so enabled he shall never dare think on. This note doth make known where our necessities do most strike us, we beseech your present relief accordingly, otherwise to our greatest and lasting griefs, we shall against our wills not will that which we most willingly would. Captain Newport hath seen all and knoweth all, he can fully satisfy your further expectations and ease you of our tedious letters. We must humbly pray the Heavenly King's hand to bless our labours with such counsels and helps as we may further and stronger proceed in this our King's and Countries' service. Jamestown in Virginia, this 22th. day of June, 1607. Your Poor Friends, Edward Maria Wingfield, John Smith, John Martine, Batholomew Gosnold, John Ratcliffe, George Kendall.

Obviously the colonists were not in such good and prosperous shape as they would have their sponsors

in England believe, and evidently they feared the Spaniards in Florida as much as or more than they feared an attack by Indians. But they had nearer and unexpected troubles ahead. The ship sent out with supplies and "relief" was delayed and did not reach Virginia until five months from the time it sailed, and the sailors were forced to subsist on the provisions intended for the colonists, with only enough reserved to feed the crews on the return voyage. But, as the chronicler tells us: "So long as the fleet was moored to the trees, the sailors would pilfer the ship's biscuit to sell or give unto the settlers or exchange with us for money, saxafras, furres or love." So that, after they had sailed away: "There remained neither taverne, beere-house, nor place of reliefe but the common kettell. [The regular ration, half a pint of wheat and an equal amount of barley boiled with water for a man a day.] Had we been as free from all sinnes as gluttony and drunkenness, we might have been cannonized for Saintes; but our President would never have admitted the charge [made by Smith but denied by Wingfield] of engrossing to his private use Oatmeale, Sake, Oile, aquavietae, beefe, Egges or What Not, but the kettel, that indeede he allowed equally to be distributed. Our drink was water, our lodgings castles in the air."

Fortunately for the settlers fish were abundant, particularly sturgeon. Bad as the times were then, yet far worse were to come. The colony had increased

to nearly five hundred inhabitants dwelling within the stockades of Jamestown. But the stout walls with their "bullworkes" and cannon, although ample defense against hostile Indians or even the Spaniards, were no protection from Famine and Death, the twin specters that stalked into the settlement in 1609, and within the space of twelve months reduced the colony to sixty souls. Not only did the people actually starve to death, but they ate poisonous roots and berries and drank the river water which, "was at the flood verie salte; at low tyde full of slyme and filthe, which was the destruction of many of oure men."

"If there were any conscience in men," wrote another, "it would make their hearts to bleed to hear the pitifull murmurings and outcries of our sick men without reliefe, some departing out of this World, many times three or four in one night; in the morning their bodies being trailed out of their Cabins like dogges to be buried."

What the settlers suffered during that terrible "starving time" no words can adequately describe, for as the chronicler, Percy, wrote: "No man can truly describe the sharpe pricke of hunger lest he hath tasted the bitternesse thereof." Driven by hunger men robbed the public stores, and the Governor ordered them executed. The ravenous people devoured horses, asses, dogs, cats, rice and "alle other vermine" as long as there was a living thing to be found, and then were glad to "make shifte to

satisfye crewell hunger" by eating boots, shoes, harness, wallets and any other articles of leather. These having been consumed, they searched through field and woodland for serpents, toads, lizards, newts and snails; they ate grubs, insects and earthworms and resorted to digging "wylde unknowne Rootes."

Nothing was spared that would "mayntayne life," and ghastly deeds took place. "Somme went so far as to Digge up dead Corpses outt of graves and to eat them." One man, driven insane by hunger, killed his wife, butchered her, ate what he could of her body and "salted her for his foode," and was hanged for his cannibalistic act. Bitterly did the starving colonists regret having made foes of the Indians and destroyed the savages' crops. And so desperate did the English become that "manny of our men this Starvenge Tyme did Runn Away unto the Salvages, whome we never heard of after."

At last, their numbers reduced to less than one hundred souls, the colonists decided to abandon the settlement, preferring to face death in open boats in an effort to reach other white men or friendly tribes rather than die of starvation. But scarcely had they put to sea when they sighted an incoming ship, one of Lord Delaware's fleet, well provisioned and equipped. Overjoyed at thus being succored by the direct intervention of Divine Providence as it seemed, the colonists returned to their abandoned settlement.

But the terrible time through which they had passed had not been without important and far-reaching consequences, for it was the plight of the Jamestown colonists which led to the discovery and settlement of Bermuda.

Even though the surviving settlers had been saved from complete annihilation by the timely arrival of Lord Delaware's vessels, life did not go smoothly thereafter. Yet the colony prospered in a way. A young man named John Rolfe, the husband of Pocahontas, following the example of the Indians, planted tobacco; and so profitable did the crop prove that for a time tobacco was planted and grown even in the lanes and between the graves in the cemetery at Jamestown.

Somehow the early settlers of America, irrespective of their race or their religion, never seemed to be able to mind their own business. One would suppose that with countless thousands of miles of unbroken, unknown, unsettled territory stretching in every direction, they would have had enough land to satisfy every one and would have had enough to attend to without going out of their way to find trouble and interfere with others. But such was not the case. Not only did they win the enmity of the Indians by their meddlesome and overbearing behavior, but no sooner would they hear of some other white settlers struggling for existence than they would make haste to attack and murder them and strive to drive them from the new land.

Thus when Captain Samuel Argyll (the discoverer of the Gulf Stream, who was the first to cross from Europe to Virginia without "tracing through the Torrid Zoan") was honored by being commissioned "Admiral of Virginia" in 1612, his first act was to set sail for Maine where the French were trying to keep souls and bodies together in their tiny settlements. There, at Mt. Desert, the Admiral of Virginia massacred without mercy the Jesuit priests and settlers, set many prisoners adrift in open boats without food or water, and carried away a number of French women and some Indians, to be sold as slaves at Jamestown, all, as he piously related: "to the glory of God who in His mercy hath so blessed our enterprise."

Considering this and similar activities on the part of the Virginia colonists we can have but little pity for them when, as if in retribution for such inhumanities, the Indians in 1622 swept down upon Jamestown and butchered over four hundred of the settlers.*

Had it not been for the friendship of one Indian the entire colony would have been wiped out. This Indian, a man named Chanko who was a virtual slave of a man named Perry, had been treated with great kindness and consideration by Mr. Pace in

* The leader of the massacre was a war chief named Nemattanon. He was killed indirectly through his murder of Mr. Morgan. Before he died he begged the British to bury him on "English land" and never to let his tribesmen know he had been killed by a bullet, as he was supposed to be a demigod and immortal.

whose home he lived. On the night before the massacre, Chanko's brother stole into the settlement and told Chanko that the chief had commanded them to kill Pace and Perry, and that the moment this was done the tribesmen would attack during the confusion following the murder of the two Englishmen. But instead of following these instructions, Chanko "rose out of his bed and revealed it to Pace; that used him as a son. And thus the rest of the colony were warned and were saved. Such was (God be praysed for it) the good fruits of an Indian converted to Christianity; for though three hundred more of oures died by many of these Pagan Infideles, yet Thousands of oures were saved bye the meanes of one of them alone which was made a Christian."

Following this attack, the colonists determined to exterminate all the hostile or supposedly hostile tribes, and commenced a war of deliberate, relentless, indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither sex nor age. The King of England agreed to supply "such arms out of the Tower as was desired, whereby they might be enabled to take revenge on the treacherouse Salvages"; and on August 20, 1622, the Master of the Armory was ordered to deliver to the Company for the Colony, 100 brigantines, 40 plate coats, 400 shirts and coats of mail, 200 skulls of iron, 1000 halberds and brown bills, and 50 murdering pieces, besides pistols, daggers, swords and muskets, with 40 barrels of gunpowder. So ignorant of firearms were the Indians at this time that when, later, they cap-

tured some gunpowder, the chief, Opechanough, had it planted in the earth in the hope of harvesting a large crop of powder in the autumn!

The consignment of munitions reached Jamestown in December, but three months earlier—on Sept. 10, 1622—Governor Wyatt had granted a warrant to Sir George Yeardly authorizing him to "destroy Indians anywhere in Virginia." But to extirpate the thousands of Indians scattered over a vast, untamed, unmapped territory was beyond the capabilities of the colonists, despite their numbers, their armor and their superior weapons. To be sure, they completely destroyed several tribes; they captured, tortured and put to death a number of the Indian chiefs; but still many Indians survived, and for many years thereafter there was an almost continuous border warfare between the settlers and the Indians.

During the ten years which had intervened between the time of Argyll's massacre of the French at Mt. Desert, and the great Indian massacre at Jamestown in 1622, many important events had taken place in the little Virginia colony.

In 1619, the bachelor settlers had been gladdened by the arrival of a ship bringing twenty "respectable girls" to be apportioned off as wives among such planters as "fancied each other." One might assume that the arrival of a mere score of buxom English lassies would have led to serious trouble among nearly a thousand men, few of whom were provided

with wives or women. But doubtless Argyll's female French and Indian prisoners had helped to fill the deficiency, and, in the same year that the "respectable girls" arrived, negro slaves arrived also.

That year of 1619 was really quite epochal, for aside from the cargo of brides, and the cargo of slaves brought by a Dutch vessel, the first representative assembly in America met in the Jamestown church—the "homely thing like a barne," as Smith described it. Governor Yeardly presided and among the members present was the first American ancestor of Thomas Jefferson.

Following the massacre of 1622, the charter of the London Company, under which the colony had been established and ruled, was revoked, and Virginia became a royal colony. But there was not much left for the Crown, for a census taken in 1625 showed only 182 persons, including three negroes, living in Jamestown, which consisted of but twenty-two dwellings, one church, one merchant's store, three storehouses and a guardhouse.

Romance, too, had fled from this first permanent English colony on American soil, for Captain John Smith, restless soul that he was and colonizer extraordinary, had betaken himself to the West Indies and other fields of endeavor where adventure and romance were to be had in abundance. And by the time that Jamestown had become firmly established, the hero of Pocahontas fame had returned to England and had died, almost forgotten and unknown—

as do so many romantic adventurers—and was resting in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard in London.

Eight years after Smith had died—quietly and in his own home instead of on a battlefield or at the hands of savages—America had its first revolution when, in 1635, the people of Jamestown, wearying of Governor Harvey's misrule, rose *en masse,* deposed him, and packed him off to England. It was a most successful albeit a bloodless revolution, but the revolt which followed forty-one years later was very different.

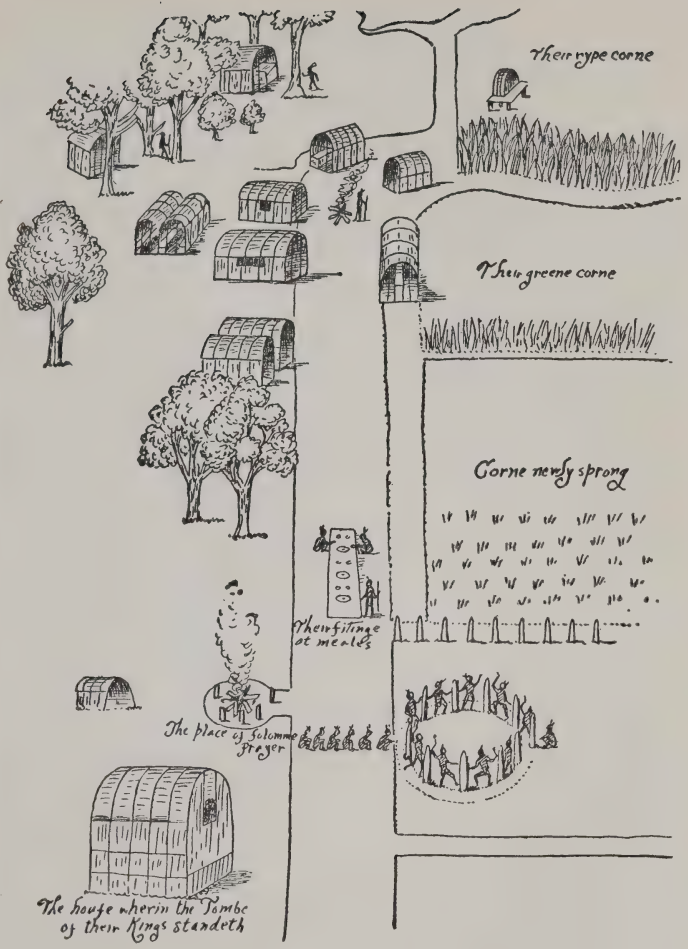
Led by Nathaniel Bacon, the people rose against the despotic Governor Berkely and, driving him from Jamestown, burned the town. The little settlement never entirely recovered from this disaster. To be sure, the State House was rebuilt, there was a rather half-hearted attempt made to rebuild and restore the "Citty," but when another disastrous fire swept the place in 1699, the people moved bag and baggage to the Middle Plantation, rechristened the place Williamsburg, and there established the capital.

Jamestown was deserted, left to its fate, to the ghosts of those who had perished by famine, disease and Indian arrows, abandoned to the weeds and brush, the brambles and vines, and to the elements.

## CHAPTER IV

### VIRGINIA'S MOST ROMANTIC TALE

UNDOUBTEDLY the most famous and the most romantic of episodes in Virginia's history was that of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. As a matter of fact, no little doubt has been cast upon the veracity of the adventurous captain's story. Unquestionably, like many an adventurer of today, doughty Captain John often enlarged upon his exploits, magnified the dangers he had faced and overcome, exaggerated his own brave deeds, and added a touch of fancy or romance to his tales. But even if he did add some fiction to fact in his account of his romantic adventure with the Indian warriors of Powhatan and the chief's lovely daughter, there is no really good or logical reason for casting aside the entire story as out-and-out fiction. As a rule, Smith's accounts of the Indians and their habits were fairly accurate; there is no doubt that he was taken prisoner by them and that his life was spared; and, as it is an established fact that it was a custom of these Indians to spare a prisoner when a maiden pleaded for his life, why not give Captain John the benefit of the doubt and accept his version of this most romantic episode? Moreover, in this particular case, Smith did not


Their rype corne
Their greene corne
Corne newly sprong
Their sitting at meales
The place of Salomons prayer
The house wherin the Tombe of their Kings standeth

A VIRGINIAN INDIAN VILLAGE

(After a drawing by John White 1585–89)

apparently consider the occurrence of paramount importance or particularly unusual. In fact he laid far more stress upon the details of his capture, and the actions of the Indians when he gave them a demonstration and lecture on astronomy, than he did to the chief's daughter intervening with his captors to save his life.

According to his account of the affair, he was "far away at the river hede when mine two men, Master John Robinson and Thos. Emry, were slaine, whilst myself, bye fowlinge, soughte them victuals." Finding himself surrounded by some two hundred Indian warriors, Smith killed two of them, and by "bindinge one of the Indian guides to my arme bye his garters" used the savage as a shield to protect his body from the Indians' arrows. Nevertheless he was "shotte in the thigh a little, and had many arrowes that stuck in my clothes, butte no grate hurte, till at last they tooke me prisoner."

His captor was Opekankaro, a brother of Powhatan, the chief of the Pamunkey tribe. Smith showed Opekankaro and his warriors a pocket compass, which excited their interest and curiosity. "Much they marvailed at the playing of the Fly and the Needle that they coulde see so planely and yet not touch it, because of the glasse that did cover themme." Then he demonstrated: "Bye that globe-like Jewell, the roundenesse of the earth and the skies, the sphere of the Sunne, Moone and Starres, and how the Sunne did chase the nighte around about

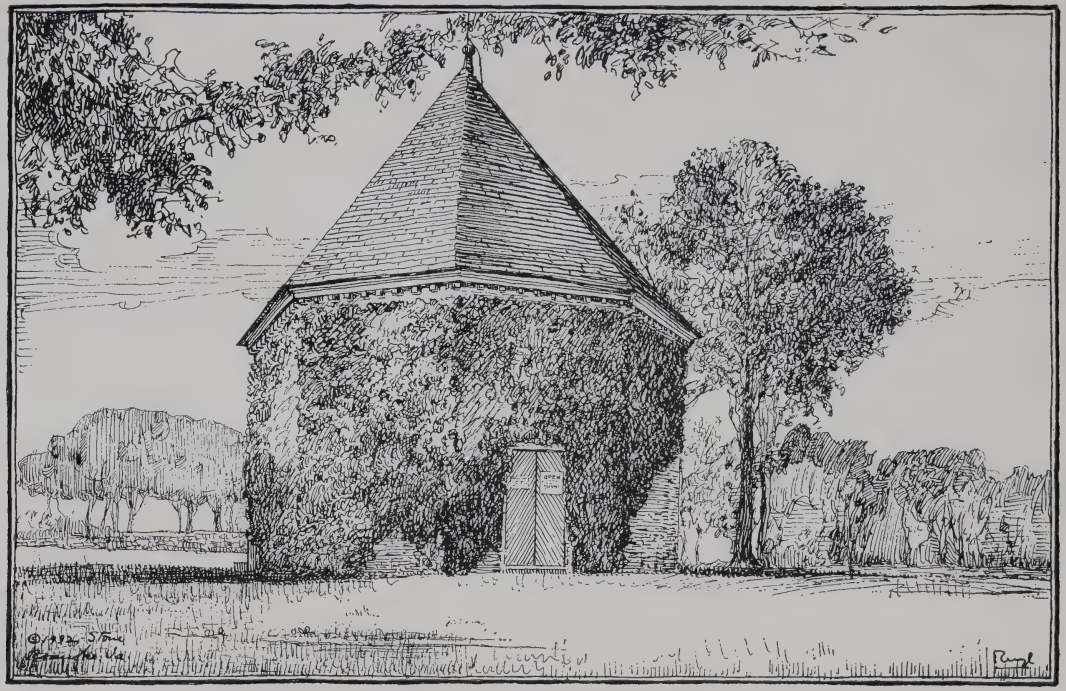
the World continually," with the result that the Indians "stoode amazed with admeration."

But the Indians' admiration of Captain John's lesson on astronomy and the use of the compass did not prevent them from binding him to a tree and gathering about, waving war clubs, and evidently determined to put an end to their prisoner then and there. Opekankaro, however, held up the compass, spoke to his tribesmen in his own dialect, and at once they put down their "bowes and Arrowes," and, unfastening Smith, took him to a village called Orapaks, where he was "kindly feasted and well used." This village or camp consisted of about "thirtie or fortie huntinge houses made of mattes which the salvages remove as they so pleese as we do our tentes." Apparently the Pamunkeys had decided that their astronomically-inclined captive was a person of importance and to be treated with respect and consideration, for they entertained him with a dance or "drille" and then "caste themselves into a ring, danceing and yelling oute Hellish soundes." They were strangely painted, and each one carried his "Quivver of arrowes and club at his back, and his Bowe in his Hande. Each wore upon his head the dried skin of a bird, with wings spreade, a piece of copper, a white shelle or long feather with a rattlesnake's rattel or somme such toye."

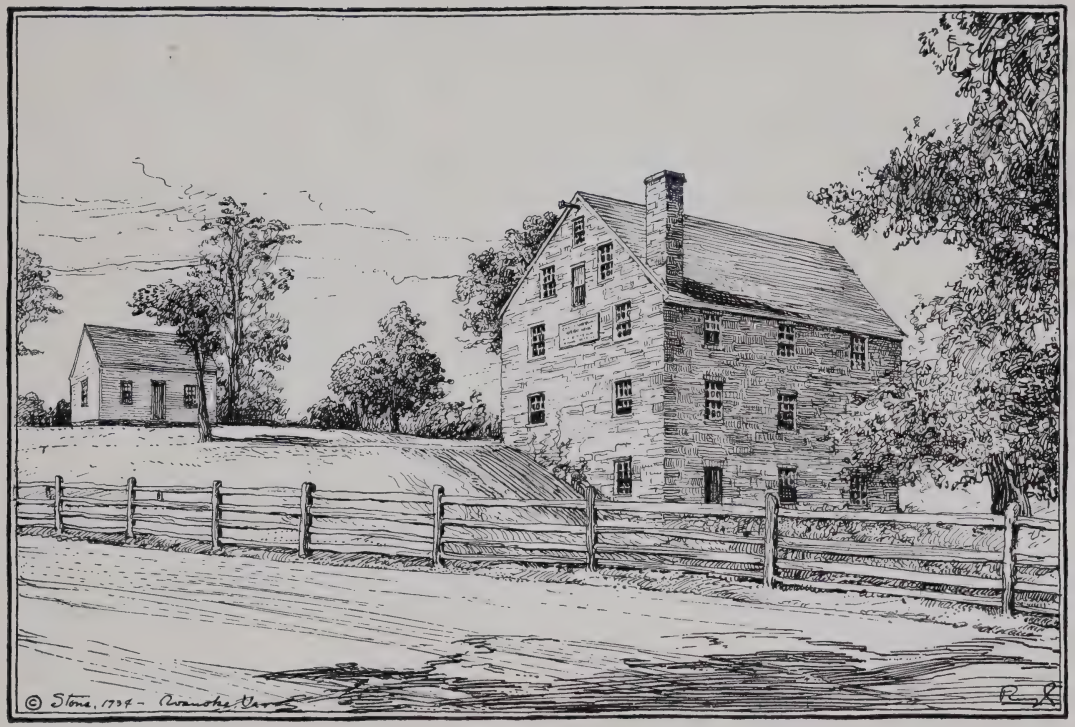
Following the dance, which was undoubtedly a ceremonial in celebration of Smith's capture rather than an exhibition for his entertainment as he

thought, he was conducted to the long house and placed under guard of "thirtie to fortie talle Indians." Such a liberal supply of corn bread, venison and other food was placed before him that poor Smith felt certain his captors intended to "fatte and eate me." After a time, however, Captain John understood why they had treated him with such forbearance and kindness, for they approached him with a proposition to give him his "life liberty and lands and women" if he would doublecross the colonists and tell the Indians how Jamestown could be successfully attacked. Being an experienced soldier and also a wily individual, Smith pretended to agree, and writing a note on a sheet of paper from his notebook, he wrote a warning to the settlers, telling them of the Indians' proposed attack and requesting a number of articles to be sent to him by the Indian messenger.

To the Indians, the fact that the white man could obtain the goods from his friends merely by making black marks on paper, savored of witchcraft. Naturally the tribesmen considered Smith a great catch; to them he was as valuable a find, as rare a creature and as great an attraction as a live Okapi would be to a modern menagerie, and for some time he was paraded up and down the Potomac and Rappahannock Rivers, being exhibited and entertained in the Indians' villages, until at last he was taken to Merowocomico, the largest of the Pamunkey villages



THE OLD POWDER HORN, 1715. WILLIAMSBURG




GEORGE WASHINGTON'S GRIST MILL, DOGUE CREEK

and the home of Powhatan,* situated on the bank of the York River. Here, so Smith relates, "more than two hundred grim courtiers stoode wondering at me as if I had beene somme strange monster, till Powhatan and his trayne had putte themselves in their 'gratest braverie."

Having donned this ceremonial regalia, the chief took his seat upon "a seate like a bedstede in front of a fire, clad in a grate robe of racoone skins with alle the tailes hanging bye."

It must have been a truly impressive scene as the bearded, white-skinned captive, clad in homespun, with a corselet of steel covering his chest, faced the Indian king and his painted, feather-bedecked warriors and was presented to the Indian Court. On each side of the chief, "sat a young maiden of grate beautie. Along each side of the roome were two rows of men, and behind themme the like numbers of women withall bedecked with the whyte downe of Birds; but every one with something of clotheing, and a grate Chayne of white beades about their necks." At Smith's entrance, "alle the people gave a grate shoute. The Queene of Appamatuk was appointed bye the Kinge to bringe me water wherewith

* Powhatan's real name was Wahunsonacock. Despite Smith's rough and ready ways he was fair and just in his dealings with the Indians in most cases. But not so his successor, Lord De la Ware (Delaware). On one occasion he lopped off the right hand of an Indian and sent the mutilated man to Powhatan as a threat. But the inhuman act had just the opposite effect and the Indians promptly retaliated.

to wash my handes, and another brought a bunch of soft Feathers instead of a towelle to dry them."

Then, having held a great feast, the Indians held a council as to the disposal of the white captive. Doubtless, up to this point, Smith had felt that, as he had been permitted to live and had been treated so royally so far, he was in no immediate danger. But when two huge stones were brought forward, and at a word from Powhatan a number of warriors seized Smith and dragged him forward and forced him to his knees with his head resting on the stones, while a brawny warrior approached holding a massive war club, poor Captain John realized that his end was near.

But as often happens, and will continue to happen as long as men are men and women are women, Smith had aroused the sympathy if not the love of one of the "fayre maidens" present. In fact she was the "fayrest" of all, for she was the daughter of Powhatan, his favorite daughter, Pocahontas. Earnestly and eloquently she pleaded that the white man's life might be spared, and then, finding her father's ears deaf to her entreaties, she sprang forward, covered Smith's body with her own and "laide her ownne head upon mine that the clubbe might not fall upon me otherwise than upon her." At this demonstration, Powhatan ordered the executioner away and commanded Smith to rise. But even if his life had been spared he was not free. He was far too valuable an acquisition to be lost, and for some time

he dwelt with the Indians, virtually a prisoner, and employed making hatchets, bells, beads and copper goods for his captors.

Eight years later, in 1616, when Mistress Rolfe, née Pocahontas, went to England, Smith wrote a letter to Queen Anne commending the Indian girl to the Sovereign and begging that her Majesty should treat Pocahontas kindly. And as in this letter he gives practically the same version of his romantic adventure, we can scarcely doubt its truth, for even Captain John Smith would scarcely have dared invent a story and tell it to his Queen, especially when she was to receive the heroine of the tale herself and hence could readily learn the true facts of the case.

Apparently, Captain John had learned quite a number of tricks from his Indian captors, among others how to spear fish; for after his release he showed his friends how the Indians speared fish, using his sword to demonstrate the method, and, at a "reedy place" at the mouth of the Rappahannock River, he "set us all afishing in that manner," as an old document sets forth, "and thus we tooke more in one houre than we could eate in a day."

During this unique fishing Captain Smith accidentally speared a stingray which inflicted quite a serious wound in the Captain's wrist as he was removing the creature from his sword. The wound caused Smith intense pain and his arm soon swelled to such size that his fellows actually made plans for his funeral and prepared his grave. But Smith

cheated Death a second time, for after the injury had been treated with "Precious Oil" applied by Dr. Russell, the "tormenting payne" was so miraculously banished that before nightfall he "did eate the fishe which had so hurted him for his owne supper." It was this incident that gave the name Stingray Island to the spot where it occurred, a name which is still preserved.

The fact that Pocahontas had saved Captain Smith's life did not save her from being kidnaped by Captain Argyll in order to force her father to return English prisoners, arms and tools in his possession. In 1613 she was converted to Christianity and was baptized under the name of Rebecca, being the first Virginia Indian to embrace the Christian faith. Sir Thomas Dale, in a letter dated June 15, 1614, says: "Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian Religion, who after she had made some good progress therein, renounced publicly her Country Idolatry, openly confessed her Christian Faith, and was, as she desired, baptysed. At the Font she acquired a new name. Her real name amongst the Indians was Matoaka (sometimes spelled Matoxa) her name of Pocahontas being but a pet name bestowed upon her by her father, Powhatan."

Although at this time Pocahontas was theoretically a prisoner, yet she was a willing hostage, and declared that if her father had loved her he "would not value her less than old swords and axes, where-

fore she would still dwell with the Englishmen who loved her."

Among the colonists on board of Somer's ship which had been wrecked on Bermuda were John Rolfe and his wife. The hardships suffered by the castaways proved too much for Madame Rolfe and she died and was buried on the mid-ocean island. When, later, the young widower reached Jamestown and met the Indian Princess, he instantly fell in love with her and she with him and, a few months after her baptism, they were married.

Three years later, with their infant son, Thomas, and with about a dozen Indians who were to be educated in England, John Rolfe and his Indian bride sailed for England on the ship of Captain Argyll. Pocahontas was received like a true princess, she was lionized and fêted, and was presented at Court. Everywhere she was hailed as "The Beautiful Savage" and her popular name was commemorated in La Belle Sauvage, Ludgate Hill, in London. But Pocahontas was not the first Indian to be taken to London and presented at Court, as is generally supposed. Ten years earlier (in 1606) Chief Tasquantum and several of his tribesmen from Maine had been kidnaped by Captain George Waymouth, had been exhibited in London and had created a great furor at Court, as they were the first of the strange "red"-skinned savages of the New World ever seen in England.

All this is well known, but it is not generally

known that Pocahontas' brother, Namontak, and her brother-in-law, Tomocomo, also visited England and that her father, Powhatan, was officially crowned King of the Indians. When Namontak returned to Virginia with Captain Newport, and Powhatan was invited to come to Jamestown to receive presents, he haughtily informed Captain Smith that as he was a king it was up to "Father Newport" to bring the gifts to him. So, with "fifty good musketeers" the two English captains set off overland (the presents being sent by water) for the coronation of the Indian king. Having been assured by Namontak that the white men would not harm him, but were doing him great honor, Powhatan consented to having a scarlet robe and other "white man's apparel" placed upon his person, but "a foule trouble there was to make him kneele to receive his crowne. At last, by leaning harde upon his shoulders, he a little stooped, and thus were we enabled to place upon his heade his crowne."

This having been at length accomplished, the newly crowned potentate, "to congratulate" the white men's kindness, "presented Captaine Newport with his olde moccasins and mantel," with the regal condescension of a sovereign of Europe. The chief's "olde mantel" is still preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It is a magnificent robe of soft tanned buckskin, seven feet in length by five feet in width, elaborately decorated and embroidered with wampum, shells, etc.

As at this time the British had adopted the policy of placating the Indians rather than antagonizing them, they had a house erected for Powhatan near Jamestown. It was built of marl by Dutch artisans, and portions of the structure and the chimney are still standing. But the Dutch mechanics who had been employed to build the Indian king's castle, as well as to manufacture glass beads, found it more profitable to make arms and weapons for the Indians and to instruct the savages in their use, with the result that serious trouble arose, and a massacre was narrowly averted.

## CHAPTER V

### THE INDIANS OF VIRGINIA

As the Virginian Indians played such an important part in the history and settlement of the state, and as a Virginian Indian became the most famous member of her race, it seems a great pity that we know so very little in regard to the tribes who inhabited Virginia in the early days.

Only here and there, in the old records and writings, do we find any information regarding the Indians' habits, lives, dress or customs; and the best and most trustworthy records we possess are the drawings and paintings made by the artist John White, who was a member of the expeditions sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1585, and who was the grandfather of Virginia Dare. No doubt, these pictures—the originals of which have recently been discovered in the British Museum after having been lost for centuries—were drawn or rather sketched from life, and are probably fairly accurate in so far as the costumes, weapons, utensils and other accessories are concerned; but they are certainly poor portraits, the faces in most cases showing no Indian characteristics and appearing as much Caucasian as Amerind.

Neither did White bother to record the names of the tribes of his subjects. They are merely labeled, "An Indian of Virginia" or "An Indian of Florida" or "The Village of So-and-so," and therefore are of little value regarding the number or names of the tribes inhabiting Virginia, their relationships and habits or the territory they occupied.*

But irrespective of the confusion as to tribes, it is obvious that there were several racial stocks represented among the Virginian Indians, that a number of distinct dialects were spoken, and that the Indians varied greatly in habits, temperaments, customs, lives and cultures. Yet so meager and badly stated are many of the old records that it is impossible to say whether or not some of the tribes were cannibals and head-hunters. In one account it is recorded that when men were sent ashore to "the King of Nausemend" with a proposal to buy from him an island in the river, the messengers were slain and "their Braynes were cutt and scraped out of their heades with mussell shelles." In revenge for this, the white men

* According to many authorities, there were but four tribes inhabiting what is now Virginia. These were the Pamunkey, Matapony, Chickahominy and Rappahannock. According to Captain John Smith and other contemporary writers, Powhatan was chief of the Pamunkey tribe. But various other tribes are frequently mentioned, among these the Tetero, Nausemend, Appomattuck, Monacan, Doeg, etc. Perhaps some of these were place names applied to the Indians living in the districts and were not true tribal names, or it may be that they were clans or sub-tribes. But there is abundant evidence to prove that there were at least a dozen tribes inhabiting what is now Virginia at the time the Europeans first arrived on the scene.

landed on the island, drove the Indians from it and "burned their houses and Ransaked their temples, tooke down the Corpses of their deade Kings from off their tombes, and caryed away their pearls, copper and Bracelettes, wherewith they doe decorate their Kings' Funeralles."

Here then, we find evidence to support the suspicion that some, at least, of the Virginia Indians were head-hunters or cannibals or both, for unless the savages preserved the heads or devoured the brains of their victims there was no reason for scraping out the "Braynes with mussell shelles." Yet the author of the tale did not mention any details of these tribesmen, other than the fact that they decorated their dead chiefs with pearls, copper and bracelets and placed the bodies on "tombes." But whether the "tombes" were genuine tombs or were merely raised platforms upon which the Indians placed the bones of their dead after having removed the flesh, it is impossible to say. However, in several of White's drawings of Indian villages, large, closed buildings are shown and are labeled "Wherein are the tombes of their Kings"; so we may assume that certain tribes at least preserved the bodies of their dead chieftains in mausoleums built very much after the pattern of their dwellings.

Doubtless much of the confusion and lack of records regarding the Virginian Indians was due to the fact that many were completely wiped out of existence soon after the arrival of the white settlers,

15707

AN INDIAN WOMAN OF VIRGINIA

(After the painting of John White, 1585–89)

while other tribes, unable to cope with the invaders by themselves, joined forces with other related tribes. Such was the case with the Oksocans (see Chapter I) and history also tells us that the daughter of the chief of the Tetero tribe joined the Saponis, but, being the last of her race, and fearing she would not be tendered the respect due her, she com-



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AN INDIAN OF VIRGINIA

(After the painting of John White, 1585–89)

mitted suicide by taking poison made from the trumpet-plant roots. We also know that the Saponi tribe, which was friendly with the whites and was therefore persecuted by hostile Indians, moved to Christiana near Roanoke in order to be near the British settlements. But the white men depraved the Indians with rum, and while in a drunken daze one

of the Indians killed a white man and was hanged for the crime. Following this, the Saponis joined the Catawbas. This seemingly trivial incident is really very important, for it goes far to prove that some Virginian tribes were not of Algonquin stock. The Catawbas belong racially to the Sioux nation, and as it is very seldom that a tribe of one racial stock and dialect will join a tribe of a different stock and language, we can be almost certain that the Saponi tribe was of Sioux stock.

This would not be surprising, for the Catawbas, who are now confined to western Carolina, once inhabited the southwestern portion of Virginia, the Catawba Valley, the valley of the Roanoke and the neighboring territory, and it would be indeed remarkable if they were the only representatives of the Sioux race in the district. Very probably, too, the Monacans, who inhabited the Shenandoah Valley and the foothills of the Alleghenies, were of Sioux stock, for they were known to have been constantly at war with both the Shawnees on the west and the Pamunkeys, Chickahominys and other Indians east of the Blue Ridge. In fact it is logical to assume that all the tribes inhabiting western Virginia were related and were of Sioux stock, for there are no records of these tribes ever fighting one another; and the implements, weapons and remains which are found in this section of the state are largely distinctly Siouian, aside from some of the stone arrowheads, axes and clubs, which were no doubt left by

raiding Indians from the east and west.

Perhaps the best accounts of the Virginian Indians which we have are the writings of Captain John Smith, for he was a keen observer and he took considerable interest in these aborigines, which is not surprising in the case of a man whose life had been saved by an Indian maiden and who had been held for more than a year as a captive of the Indians. And even if Smith did have a tendency to let his imagination run wild at times, and believed in a certain amount of authors' license, yet he left fairly good descriptions of Pocahontas' tribe, known as the Powhatans, owing to the fact that Powhatan was the leading chief of the confederation.

Strictly speaking, however, Powhatan and his own people were members of the Pamunkey tribe, a number of whom (though none are of pure blood) still live in Virginia today. But like the surviving members of the Chickahominy tribe (none of whom claim to be of pure Indian blood) they have lost all their tribal customs, practically all of their language, and aside from a few dances, making baskets, and wearing headdresses and tribal costumes during their dances and on holidays, they might just as well be white or colored folk as far as Indian customs and arts are concerned, although both tribes do retain and recognize tribal chiefs.

In Captain Smith's time, however, the Pamunkey tribe was large and powerful (although the worthy Captain greatly exaggerated their numbers); and in

A VIRGINIA INDIAN MEDICINE MAN

(After the painting of John White, 1585–89)

conjunction with the Chickahominys and other tribes, they formed a somewhat loosely organized confederation. There is no doubt that they possessed a fairly high state of culture, with well planned stockaded villages and well built gable- or arched-roof houses covered with bark; with many arts and crafts, an elaborate clan system, a complex religion,

a great variety of ceremonies and an advanced social system.

If we are to trust to White's drawings of their villages, these Virginian Indians held their sacred dances about a fire in the center of a ring of wooden posts, the upper ends of which were carved in forms of human and animal heads. This is a most surprising and unusual custom among North American Indians, although common in Central America and the West Indies. In Santo Domingo and elsewhere there are many ancient circles of carved stone posts or images; and similar circles of carved columns, made of stone, enclosing a central altar and fire, were found by myself while excavating the ancient temple site at Coclé in Panama.

It would be a far-fetched theory to suggest that the Indians of Virginia were even most distantly connected with the prehistoric inhabitants of Middle America. Yet there is every reason to believe that there were Indians of both Arowak and Carib stock in Florida, and it is not beyond the bounds of reason or even probability that certain habits and customs of West Indian and Central American tribes had filtered through to Virginia, or for that matter, that there had been more or less direct contact between these tribes and those of southern Florida. In fact many of the customs, habits and even the costumes of the Virginian tribes more strongly resembled those of the Florida Indians than those of tribes of the northeastern states.

But whatever their relationships may have been, they must have appeared quite impressive and gorgeous when arrayed in their ceremonial regalia as described by the hero of the Pocahontas episode (Chapter III). Although we cannot be quite certain just what Smith meant by his statement that the Indians were "bedecked with white down," or of what the "something of clothing" consisted, yet he was clear enough when he described the women as wearing their hair plaited with white and blue peak (wampum) and coiled on their shoulders. This manner of dressing the hair is also shown in one of White's paintings, while in another, representing an "Indian soothsayer," the man is shown wearing a "dried skin of a Bird with wings spreade" on his head exactly as described by Captain Smith. As far as costumes are concerned, the pictures made by White would indicate that the Virginian Indians were clad very much as was Gunga Din—nothing much before and rather less than half as much behind—for the men are shown wearing only fringed but rather voluminous apron-like breechcloths, while the women's costume is much the same. None of the paintings of Virginian Indians show regular headdresses, the nearest approach being small feathers at the sides of the head and a single large feather in front. Wickerwork quivers are shown, while the bows are exceedingly long and slender and far more like those of the Caribs and South American Indians than like the weapons of North American tribes.

Strangely enough, none of these pictures show the Indians wearing moccasins. Possibly the artist forgot to add this typical footgear, perhaps the Indians who posed for him were not wearing moccasins at the time, but there is no doubt that the Virginian Indians *did* wear moccasins, for one old document states that, "these salvages uponne their fete weare shoes of leather whych being soft and with no soles afforde not greate protection."

Evidently the costumes of the Virginian Indians must have varied greatly, or else their fashions changed as rapidly as do styles of today, for in pictures drawn by various artists when Pocahontas was in England, as well as in pictures made in Virginia at the same time, the Indians are depicted dressed in fringed buckskin garments, the women with skirts, short leggings and moccasins, while the men have breechcloths, leggings, moccasins, and, sometimes sleeveless capes or smocks of skin.

Very few of the costumes or headdresses of the original Virginian tribes are preserved, but there are numerous weapons, utensils, implements, etc., in various museums and collections. The bows, as I have said, were long and slender, the arrows were long and had two feathers, and the war clubs were either of the round-headed wooden type or were stone-headed, while some tribes used broad, sword-like, flat clubs with stone blades set in the striking edge.

The few headdresses in existence are crownlike

frameworks of bark, one type with upright feathers of the wild turkey, the other form having a "bob" or tail consisting of a bunch of feathers and fur at the back and with fur pendants over the wearer's ears. No doubt the objects used as "bobs" and ornaments on headdresses varied considerably, and there is no reason to question Captain Smith's statement that the men wore "rattels" of the rattlesnakes, "or somme such toyes," as adjuncts to their headgear. Although White's pictures of the Florida Indians indicate elaborate tattooing, the portraits of the Virginian tribesmen show their bodies, faces and limbs painted. Evidently these Indians were given to elaborate painting in lieu of clothing, and in an account of a conference between the settlers and the chief of the Rappahannocks, in 1607, it is stated that the chief's "boddy was alle paynted of Crimson, with a chayne of beades about his neck. His face paynted Blue, besprinkled with silver ore (probably mica) His eares alle hung with bracelettes of pearle, and in his eares a birds' claw besett with fine copper or golde."

Among the Pamunkeys and some of the allied tribes, it was not unusual for the men to shave the hair from the right side of the head so it would not interfere with drawing their bowstrings "to the ear."

As I have said, in most cases the Virginian Indians were quite friendly with the British when the latter first arrived. But the actions of the white men, their utter disregard of the Indians' rights, the memory

of the outrage committed against the Nausemend Indians already described, soon changed the Indians' attitude, and from friends they were transformed to foes in most cases. Thus, when Radcliffe went with fifty men to trade for food with Powhatan, the "subtele owlde foxe" caused nearly all of the men to be murdered. He also had Radcliffe stripped and bound to a tree "with a fire before him and the women to scrape the flesh from his bones and throw it into the fire before his face," which must have been decidedly unpleasant for Master Radcliffe, although the chronicler neglects to state whether the victim survived or succumbed to such rough treatment.

We can scarcely blame the Indians for destroying the white men whenever opportunity offered. In the beginning, Captain Smith and his companions had treated the natives rather well. To be sure, they had had a few skirmishes with some of the tribes, but they had distributed presents, they had paid for provisions and land they required; and, through Smith's influence and the marriage of Rolfe and Pocahontas, the tribes under Powhatan had become allied with the British. But later, and especially under Lord Delaware's administration, it was entirely different. The Indians were treated with injustice and cruelty, the slightest offense, real or merely suspected, on the part of an Indian was punished by wholesale destruction of villages and fields, and the slaughter of men, women and children. At Kecoughtan, a village of three hundred houses, where, in Smith's time, the

settlers had spent a "Merrie Christmas in the warme smokie cabines of the Indians," the British, in retaliation for the death of a drunken sailor who was killed in a quarrel with an Indian over the ownership of a dugout canoe, captured and burned the entire village, took many prisoners who were enslaved, killed scores of helpless women and children, and inflicted tortures more horrible than any invented by the savages. On another occasion, at Lord Delaware's orders, the queen of the Paspahey tribe was kidnaped, together with her children. The latter were callously thrown overboard and either shot or knocked on the heads when they tried to swim ashore, and the queen was carried to Jamestown where she was hacked to death by swords in the market-place.

For many years, murders and robberies, acts of violence on both sides, reprisals and massacres marked the bloody history of tidewater Virginia. An expedition of a hundred men, led by Captains Brewster and Yeardly, while prospecting for iron deposits on Falling Creek, was almost annihilated by the Appomattuck tribe whose chieftainess invited the British to a feast during which her warriors fell upon the guests. Referring to this affair, the chronicler observes: "The Salvages be nott Soe symple as many imagin who be not acquaynted with their Subtellies, for they had not forgotten how the Kecoughtan Indians had been allured and destroyed bye Sir Thomas Gates and his menne."

No, the "Salvages" were by no means "soe

symple" as the white men had imagined; neither did they forget either Gates' outrage or other cruel, unjust and wholly inexcusable acts of violence committed by the British.

And when, at last, the superior weapons and equipment of the white men had so decimated and destroyed the Indians near the coast that life and existence were not in constant peril, and the settlers commenced to move westward, they found that tales of their actions had preceeded them. Instead of being received like friends and demigods by the Indians of the Alleghenies and beyond, they were met as deadly enemies, with the result that the history of western Virginia is one long series of Indian raids, massacres and border warfare.

But it was a hopeless struggle for the Indians and there could be but one result. The white men triumphed as they always will, and today only a few dozen descendents of the Virginia Indians remain in the land that was once their own.

## CHAPTER VI

### HOME LIFE IN JAMESTOWN

LIFE in Jamestown in those old days could not have been either monotonous or humdrum. Between Indian attacks, famine, rebellions, stringent laws and excessive penalties for the least infractions thereof, there was always something doing, with plenty of excitement and abundant material for conversation and discussion. And even in those early days there were scandal and gossip, cliques and social sets, jealousies and intrigues, plots and schemes, honesty and dishonesty and all the other faults, failings, passions and prohibitions, politics and graft, yes, even public enemies, of present day American communities, even if there were no tabloid scandal sheets or yellow journals in which to blazon the daily sensations to the world at large.

On June 21, 1622, His Excellency, Sir Francis Wyatt, and the Assembly issued a "Proclamation against Drunkenness" and provided penalties therefor. But the Virginian legislators very wisely graded their punishments to fit the social status of the drunkard, rather than the degree of his inebriety, doubtless reasoning that an intelligent, educated man

should be better able to control his thirst—or perhaps better able to hold his liquor—than the ignorant laborer. At any rate, the servant, laborer or common sailor who became intoxicated could only be fined five pounds (or made to work out the fine) whereas a "gentleman" was liable to receive a public whipping if he overindulged in the spirits of the day.

But as usual, there was a "joker" in the law, for it was provided that a "private person" might be reproved by the minister in private for the first offense and publicly reprimanded for the second offense, while if he fell from grace a third time he was to "lie in bolts twelve hours in the house of the Provost Marshalle and pay his fee." In the case of an officer or "gentleman" breaking the law he was entitled to be rebuked by the governor himself for his first offense, reprimanded in church by the minister for the second offense and for the third be cast into jail and deprived of his rank. Apparently the flogging was to be applied only on fourth offenders. Among the other provisions set forth in this oldest of American laws dealing with the use or abuse of intoxicants, was the following: "And that this edict may be more truly and faithfully observed than others of like nature have been heretofore, we do so Ordaine an Officer for that purpose to be sworne in every Plantation to give information of all such as shall be so disordered."

Virginia therefore may rightfully claim to have had the first prohibition enforcement officer in the

United States!

The Old Dominion may with equal right claim the honor—if honor it be—of having had the first breach of promise suit in America. Oddly enough, the defendant in this notable case was a woman and the plaintiff a man, and a minister of the Gospel at that, the Rev. Grevell Pooley, who saw a prospective bride in the personable widow of Captain Samuel Jordan of "Jordan's Journey" plantation. As was customary in those days, the Parson, instead of pleading his suit in person, requested Captain Isaac Madison to propose the match to the young widow, Cicely. And although her deceased spouse had been laid in his grave but a few days, she informed the gallant Captain that she would, "as willingly have Mr. Pooley as any other," but added that she was not yet prepared to marry any man. Parson Pooley, however, felt that his suit was won, and started his courting on his own account. In fact he even went so far as to inform his military friend that he had "contracted" the widow, but would like the Captain to accompany him to Cicely's home in order to "bare witnesse" that the couple were engaged. Apparently Parson Pooley was a jovial soul, for arriving at the home of his inamorata he requested a "dram" which Cicely ordered a servant to bring. Pooley, however, declared he would "have it of her fetching or not att alle," and as she went into an adjoining room to secure the refreshment, the Parson and Captain accompanied her. Stepping close to her, the minister

said; " 'I, Grewell Pooley take thee Sysley, to be my wedded wyfe, to have and to holde tille Death does us parte, and thereunto I plight thee my trothe. Then, holding to her hande, he spake these words: 'I, Sysley, take thee Grewell to be my wedded husbande, to have and to holde till Death us do parte.' Butte Madison heeard her not say these wordes, nor that Mr. Pooley asked of her whether she did consente to those wordes. Then Mr. Pooley and she dranke each one to the other, and he kissed her and spake these words; 'I am thine and thou arte mine till Death us separate.' Mistress Jordan then desired it mighte nott be revealed that she so soon bestowe her love after her husband's Death; whereupon Mr. Pooley protested before God that he would not Reveale it till she thought the time fitting."

Apparently, however, the ardent Parson was so overjoyed at having won the comely widow that he could not resist the temptation to boast of his conquest. Naturally the lady concerned heard of this, and not only broke off the engagement but betrothed herself to Mr. William Farrar. Thereupon the flouted Parson appeared in court and brought suit against the Widow Jordan for breach of promise. This was on June 14, but the case dragged along until November 27 (evidently courts were as slow in those days as at present) the judge and Council being unable to agree as to a verdict. Also, some of the testimony in the case was strikingly similar to that which one hears today. A servant, summoned to

testify, swore that she did not hear the words of the "contracting," but did hear the widow say that "Mr. Pooley might have fayred better had he talked less." At last, still at a loss as to a decision, the Council referred the case to the Company in England, "desiring the Resolution of the Civil Lawyers thereon and a speedie return thereof." That a simple case of this sort should have stumped the local legal lights may appear a bit strange to us, especially in view of the offhand manner in which damages are awarded to heal wounded hearts in our courts. But it was a rather more serious matter in Jamestown in the Year of our Lord 1623, for the law provided that such an offense as breaking a plighted troth was punishable by corporal punishment or a heavy fine or both, according to the status of the party involved and the flagrancy of the offense. And as the Widow Jordan was a member of the upper crust of Jamestown's social set, her deceased husband having been a member of the Assembly, the Court naturally wished to be certain of the rights and wrongs of the matter. Apparently, however, the Civil Lawyers of London Town found it as hard a nut to crack as their fellow legal lights in Virginia, and as the "speedie return" did not materialize, Parson Pooley finally resigned all claims to the widow. And this time, to avoid any possible chance of a second question arising, Mistress Jordan "contracted herself" to William Farrar in the presence of the Governor and Council.

Unfortunately perhaps, this case set an example

to others, and not long thereafter America's second breach of promise suit was placed on the docket of the Jamestown Court. This time, however, it was a rather different affair, a young lady named Elinor Sprage having been foolish enough to "contract herself" to two men at the same time. As usual, between two stools she fell to the ground—or rather into Court—and was sentenced to "face the Congregation and publicly confess her sins and beseech their Forgivenesse."

It was soon after this case was disposed of that Governor Wyatt resigned from office and sailed for England owing to the death of his father. Of all Jamestown's early governors he was probably the best, the most honest, the most just and the best liked. One contemporary wrote of him: "The old smoker, so good, so carefully mild, religious, just, honest, that I proteste I think God hath sent him in mercy for good to us."

What a contrast to Governor Pott who was a born grafter and was actually convicted of pardoning a murderer illegally, stealing cattle, and various other offenses. Although his property was seized and his estate forfeited as a punishment, yet, as he was the only physician in the colony at the time his property was returned to him in order to secure his services in checking an epidemic. Moreover, his wife journeyed to England, secured an audience with King Charles, and put up such a good case in her husband's behalf that the Sovereign granted a pardon and declared

the sentence inflicted had been "too harsh"!

Many of the decisions made and the penalties inflicted by the Court of Jamestown in those early days are decidedly amusing. For example, there was the case of Rev. William Cotton who sued Henry Charleton for failing to deliver the tobacco which the Parson was entitled to receive in lieu of salary. During the trial, one witness testified that he heard Charleton refer to the Reverend as "a black-coated raskall," and also heard the defendant declare that if he could find the Minister "without the Churchyarde he would kick him over the palisade." So, instead of adjudging Charleton in default of his tithe of tobacco, the Court found him guilty of abusive language, libel, and threat to assault, and sentenced him to "builde a pare of stocks and to sit in them three several Sabbath Days in the time of Divine Service," and then, "beseech of Mr. Cotton his forgivenesse."

Although the indeterminate sentence was unknown in those days, it was not unusual for a convicted person to be given a choice in the matter of his or her sentence, especially when the offender was a woman. For slandering Mistress Edward Drew, Joan Butler was sentenced to be either "drawn across King's Creeke at the sterne of a bote" or, "on the next Sabbath Day at the time of Divine Service, between the First and Seconde Lesson, to so presente herself before the Minister and say after him these words: 'I Joan Butler, do acknowledge to have called

Maria Drew —— and thereby I confesse to have done her manifestt wrong. Therefore I do desire this Congregation and Maria Drew will forgive me and that this Congregation will joyne with me and pray God may forgive me.' "

Rather remarkable, too, was the fact that the mania for witch hunting, which had such a vogue in New England, found little favor in Virginia. As far as I have been able to ascertain, only one person was ever accused and tried for witchcraft in Jamestown. In 1652, one, Barbary Winborough, was put on trial for "witcherie," but was at once acquitted.

Although there was a law prohibiting gaming, and providing that the winner or winners should forfeit all winnings, and that both winners and losers should be fined ten shillings each, "one ten shillings whereof to be payed unto the discoverer thereof," and the balance to "pious uses," yet gambling was a besetting sin of the colonists. The authorities seemed powerless to stop gaming—being very probably gamblers themselves—for which they can scarcely be blamed considering that a goodly portion of the colony's funds were derived from a lottery held in London, "in a new house at the West of Pauls." The prizes totaled five thousand pounds, and one ticket was taken by the "Church of St. Mary Colechurch." The first prize was won by Thomas Sharpisse, a tailor of London. The tailor's winnings, which consisted of "foure thosannde crownes in fayre plate," were de-

livered to his place of residence in a "very statelie manner."

But by far the greatest number of offenses against the laws of Jamestown were those in which servants or slaves were involved. As early as 1619 the demand for servants had become acute, and it had become common for agents to kidnap young women in England and sell them into servitude in Virginia and Bermuda. In 1618, Owen Evans was arrested and cast into prison for having paid an agent five shillings, and his assistant twelve pence, for "pressing six maidens." He was also charged with having threatened to hang one scoundrel unless he would "press him some maydens to be sent as servants to Virginia, which bred such terror in the poor maydens" (who heard of the affair), that "fortie of them did flee out of one Parish alone, into such remote plaices that their parents nor their Masters could not finde them."

At this time it was a common and legitimate practice to contract for labor, both male and female, the men and women binding themselves into virtual slavery for a term of years, and being transported, like so many cattle, to Virginia, where they were auctioned off to the colonists for stated terms of service. Poor children and waifs were collected on the streets of England, shipped to Virginia and sold or "bound out" for a term of years, boys usually for seven years or until of age, and girls until of mar-

riageable age or until married. Early in 1619, one hundred young boys were shipped to Virginia from England. About half of these arrived on the ship *Duty* and were thereafter known as the "Duty Boys," a term which has puzzled many a historian. A year later, the Lord Mayor of London promised to ship one hundred more boys "from the streets of the Citty" and to pay five pounds each toward the cost of their clothing and transportation.

To us of today with our (alleged) love of liberty, the idea of young boys and girls being transported overseas and sold out to a master or a mistress for a term of years, irrespective of their wishes or choice in the matter, seems repugnant and inhuman. But in the early days of the country the practice was common and no one objected. In fact it was not unusual for parents to dispose of their children in this manner, and on several occasions men who were heavily in debt sold themselves to some creditor and thus wiped out their obligations. One young man, the nephew of a baronet, thus sold himself for a period of seven years in Virginia. At the end of his servitude he married, settled down and became an influential and highly respected member of the colony. A somewhat different case was that of a dissolute daughter of an English lord who was so incorrigible that her parents sold her out as a common servant in Virginia.

But with the introduction of negro slaves the demand for white bound-servants and laborers de-

THE ST. GEORGE TUCKER HOUSE, WILLIAMSBURG

PHI BETA KAPPA CHAPTER HOUSE

The first Chapter House in America, William and Mary College, Williamsburg

THE FIRST INDIAN SCHOOL IN AMERICA, WILLIAMSBURG

creased. The blacks were more expensive, it is true, but they were marketable chattels which could be converted into cash when necessary, and they remained the purchaser's property indefinitely, instead of for a few years only. The first of the blacks arrived at Jamestown in August, 1619, and John Rolfe, writing of the event, says: "About the latter ende of August came a Dutchman of Warre of the burthden of 160 tunes. The Commander's name Captaine Jope. They mett with the Treasurer in the West Indyes and determined to hold consortshippe hitherward, but in their passage lost one another. Captaine Jope brought not annything but twenty and odd Negars wch the Governor and Cape Merchant boughte for Victualle (whereof he was in greate neede). Three or four daies after, the Treasurer arrived. At his arrival he sente word presently to the Governor to know his pleasure, who wrote to him and did request myselfe and two others to go downe to him to desire him to come up to James Cyttie. But before we gott downe he had sett saile and was gone out from the baye."

Another break in the everyday life of the colonists was the occasional arrival of pirates. Blackbeard, Stede Bonnett and other famous freebooters haunted the coasts of the Carolinas and Virginia; and, judging by the immunity they enjoyed, we can only assume, as has been proved in several cases, that the local authorities were in collusion with the scoundrels, and, in return for non-interference in their

murderous activities, shared in the loot. But eventually matters came to a head and the people demanded that something be done to put an end to these public enemies of the seventeenth century who, like present-day gangster chieftains, stalked boldly about the streets of Charleston, Philadelphia and Jamestown and bartered their loot from scuttled ships in the markets of the towns.

So at last the authorities instituted a vice crusade, rewards were offered for the more notorious pirates, dead or alive, and gallant Lieutenant Manyard attacked Blackbeard's ship as it swung to anchor in a snug harbor on the Carolina coast, killed the bewhiskered old murderer in hand-to-hand combat, and sailed back to Virginia with the pirate chieftain's gory head spiked to his ship's bowsprit. The five members of Blackbeard's crew who had been taken alive were cast into the old Public Gaol at Jamestown, heavily ironed. Two were sentenced to death and one, a Pole, was baptized at his own request. But the pirates were ever slippery rascals and appear to have possessed an almost uncanny ability to escape from bonds and prisons, and on the night before the day of the execution the prisoners won free from their irons and the Jamestown jail.

Imagine if you can the amazement of the authorities when, three days later, the pirates reappeared and surrendered of their own free will. But the tale they told was even more astonishing than their voluntary return. They had broken jail, they de-

clared, merely to find time in which to properly prepare for death, it being their earnest desire to die repentant for their sins. Such a declaration, coming from the unshaven lips of these bloodstained, hardened old scoundrels savored very much of a bluff to save their necks. But the good-hearted and God-fearing colonists swallowed it as gospel truth, and they became so insistent that the pirates' lives be spared that Governor Chicheley ordered them held to await the "King's pleasure."

Despite the setback which piracy had received by the destruction of Blackbeard and his nefarious crew, the pirates still continued to harass the coast, and from time to time homes and plantations in Virginia were attacked and looted. During the winter of 1685, Virginia was "much troubled by skulking pirates who were taken and hanged," and three years later, an armed vessel captured three pirates and a goodly amount of their booty in plate and minted coins at the mouth of the James River. These beauties put up almost as good and as unusual a tale as had the members of Blackbeard's crew, for they declared they had come to Virginia for the sole purpose of seeking pardon. As a result, they were granted bail in the sum of five hundred pounds on condition that they were to sail to England for trial. But the sequel to this episode is the most curious and incredible feature of the whole affair. Doctor Blair was in England in the interests of William and Mary College, and learning of the pirates from Virginia,

he bargained with them to use his influence at Court to obtain pardons for the trio provided they would contribute three hundred pounds toward the College!

Other events which helped enliven the existence of the Virginia colonists were the not infrequent atrocities of the remaining hostile Indians. Outlying settlements were never safe, and one law provided that for every five hundred acres there must be, "One Christian man perfect of limbe, provided with a well fixed musquette or fuzee, a good pistoll, sharp simeter and tomahawk" to live upon the land. But the presence of properly armed Christians of perfect limb did not prevent the lurking savages from killing the white settlers now and then. And as the white men all too often wreaked vengeance on the first Indians they met, regardless of whether they were friends or foes, many tribes were transformed from peaceful allies to implacable enemies.

During the summer of 1675, several settlers in Stafford County, while on their way to church, came upon the blood-smeared bodies of Robert Hen and an Indian sprawled upon the doorstep of Hen's home. The Indian was dead, but the white man was still breathing and managed to mutter, "Doegs! Doegs!" before he died. At once a force of about thirty armed men was gathered, and in command of Colonel Giles Brent and Colonel George Mason the posse set out to trail down and punish the savage murderers.

Up the Potomac and into Maryland the avengers journeyed, firing upon every Indian they saw. Then, separating into two parties, the men stole forward and attacked two Indian lodges. The cabin which Brent's party attacked was the residence of the Doeg chief, who was killed, and his infant son was taken prisoner, the other occupants escaping to the forest. The firing aroused the Indians in the long house which Mason's party was approaching, and without firing a shot they raced for the woods with Mason's men in chase and firing at the fleeing Indians. Suddenly one of the Indians stopped, raised his right hand, and rushed back toward the pursuing white men crying: "Susquehannock! Friends!" Realizing that he had made a mistake, Colonel Mason shouted to his men: "For the Lord's sake shoot no more! These are our friends, the Susquehannocks!"

In this case little harm was done. A cool-headed brave Indian and a sensible white man had prevented a massacre of the friendly tribesmen, and the Susquehannocks, realizing that the few casualties which had occurred were the result of a mistake on their white friends' part, overlooked the incident. But, later it was a very different story. As isolated murders and raids on plantations continued on both sides of the Potomac, Maryland and Virginia combined and raised a force of one thousand men to wipe out the Indian outlaws. The Virginians were commanded by Colonel John Washington, great-grandfather of George, and Colonel Isaac Allerton, son of the *May-*

*flower* Allertons.

Although the Susquehannocks were known to be a peaceful, friendly tribe, yet the Virginians attacked this tribe's principal village in Maryland; and when a party of six Indians approached the white men, unarmed and with hands raised in the peace sign, five of the six were killed. This outrage, and the fact that the murdered Indians were "great men" instantly transformed the hitherto friendly Susquehannocks into deadly foes. Fifty of the white men were killed in the hostilities which followed, and during the night the Indians stole from their village, brained ten of the sleeping colonists and crossed into Virginia toward the head of the James River, leaving behind them a trail marked by scalped corpses and burned homesteads.

Upon learning of the inexcusable outrage committed upon the friendly tribe, Sir William Berkeley publicly rebuked the attackers before the Assembly, declaring: "If they (the Indians) had killed my own grandfather and grandmother, my father and my mother and all of my friends, yet if they had come to treat of peace they ought to have gone in peace." Later, however, when the affair was thoroughly investigated, the commanding colonels were absolved of responsibility in the matter.

Aside from piratical forays, trials and executions, Indian outrages and other incidentals, the everyday life of the now prosperous and growing colony went along quite smoothly. To be sure, there were politi-

cal questions constantly arising, there were good governors and bad and some who were merely mediocre. And while on one occasion, in 1635, Governor Harvey became so overbearing and despotic that the inhabitants seized him, packed him aboard ship and sent him back to England, yet for two score years the colonists had managed to get along with governor after governor without resorting to strenuous measures to better themselves. But in 1676—which by a rather strange coincidence was exactly one hundred years before the colonists' second revolution—Bacon's Rebellion burst over Jamestown. A fiery, hot-headed, but daring man, Bacon was considered the "most accomplished man in the colony." Democratic as he was courageous, he was all "for the people." On one occasion, when refused a commission to lead an expedition against hostile Indians, he exclaimed, "If the Redskins meddle with me, damn my blood, I'll harry them, commission or no commission." A little later the "Redskins" did "harry" him, attacking "Bacon's Quarter" as his home was called, robbing the plantation and killing the overseer. Having been refused a governor's commission, Bacon thereupon claimed one from "the peoples' affections" signed by "the emergencies of affairs" and the "country's danger," and "cleaned up" the Indians in the neighborhood. But there was much cleaning up to be done within as well as without the settlement, and with the "peoples' affections" the "emergencies of affairs" and the "country's

danger" to back him, he headed the revolt which left Jamestown in ruins and ashes.

Politicians and historians, economists and others may differ as to the pros and cons, the rights and the wrongs of the Bacon Rebellion. But that it resulted in better and more stable conditions, paved the way for a greater and more prosperous commonwealth, and led to the establishment of a far better, more healthful and enduring capital than Jamestown could ever have become, no one can deny.

If it had not been for Bacon and his rebellion, Williamsburg might never have become the capital of Virginia and might well have remained a small unimportant village. Truly the visitor to Virginia, the Virginians themselves, and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., owe a great debt of gratitude to peppery, hard-fisted, public-spirited Thomas Bacon and his self-appointed task of "cleaning up." Would that we had a few of his kind in the United States today!

## CHAPTER VII

### THE CRADLE OF OUR COUNTRY

FROM Jamestown to Norfolk, from Williamsburg to Richmond, from tidewater to the falls of the James River, is an area replete with romance, where practically every old house or building has a fascinating history; where ghosts of cavaliers and Indian warriors, pioneers and colonists, pirates and adventurers, noblemen and African slaves, Redcoats and Continentals, war-worn men in blue and gray, proud aristocrats and planters must haunt the quiet shaded streets, the village greens, the centuries-old houses and the lovely gardens.

Most fittingly have these old towns and homes been called "The Historic Shrines of Virginia."

Here, where the Anglo-Saxon America was born, where the infant nation was nurtured, where the cry of Liberty was first raised, where daring patriots signed documents that might well have been their death warrants and where the immortal Washington was a familiar figure, a truly marvelous project of preservation and reconstruction has been and still is being carried on. From the waste of brush and weeds, all that remains of Jamestown has been brought to

light. On the historic island where Captain John Smith and the colonists aboard the *Goodspeed,* the *Discovery* and the *Sarah Constant* landed, one may wander along streets and pathways where those first settlers strolled. In the graveyard with its tombstones still bearing the almost obliterated inscriptions, the victims of those awful "starving years" of Indian massacres and pestilence were laid at rest.

And Williamsburg has been restored and rebuilt, until today the old-time capital is almost as it was at the time when a dashing youth named Thomas Jefferson was a student in ancient William and Mary College, and a promising young surveyor named Washington wined and dined in the Raleigh Tavern and regaled his collegiate friends with tales of his experiences on the western border.

Too much praise and credit cannot be given John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and the government, for the wonderful work that has been done in making over Virginia's colonial capital and establishing the Colonial National Park to include all this most historic portion of the state.

But it would seem that it would have been a vast improvement to have barred Williamsburg to motor traffic, to have done away with the concrete highways and replaced them with the old dirt roads and with narrow footpaths substituted for sidewalks. Somehow, at least to myself and to many others with whom I have discussed the matter, there is a jarring note in scores of automobiles parked beside the old

brick colonial buildings, and it is difficult to imagine oneself in an ancient historic city where the most famous and revered figures of our country foregathered, and planned and plotted to overthrow the power of England, when one's ears are assailed by the roar of passing motor busses and the raucous notes of motor horns. It would have been far more in keeping with the surroundings, and would have created a greater and more tangible atmosphere of the past, had the authorities restored the old-fashioned, quiet thoroughfares as well as the buildings, and had supplied a number of horse-drawn vehicles of colonial type, with liveried drivers and attendants, for the benefit of visitors.

As it is, one has the sensation of looking at an exhibition of models or replicas of colonial structures, rather than at the real thing, a sensation due partly to the apparent and obvious newness of the bricks used in the repairing and reconstruction of the various buildings and the pristine freshness of white paint. Far be it from me to criticize the men who have carried out this most admirable and splendid work on which over seven millions already have been spent, yet a bit of spraying with neutral-tinted paint on the fresh surfaces of bricks and woodwork would have "aged" the buildings and, in my own opinion, would have brought them more in harmony with their surroundings and their histories.

Also, there is a crying need of rubbish-containers in the town. No doubt it is true that our ancestors

of colonial days were blissfully ignorant of these useful adjuncts to twentieth century civilization; but artistic containers, designed to be in keeping with colonial architecture, would detract nothing from the restored city's attractions which, as it is, are sadly marred by the waste papers, cigarette boxes, orange and banana skins and other *débris* which visitors and motorists leave scattered on the streets and sidewalks.

Such incidentals, however, become insignificant trifles by comparison with the intense interest that the town holds, the beautiful colonial buildings, stately, severe and dignified, and somehow seeming to reflect the characters of the men who built and used them. And were it not for the broad concrete highway, the motor cars, the modern department-store-drugstores, the "A & P" store, and a few such other modernities, the visitor, walking adown the Duke of Gloucester Street, might well believe that he had stepped back into the past, and it would scarcely seem surprising should a lace-cuffed gentleman in long-skirted satin coat, velvet waistcoat, knee breeches and silken hose, with silver-buckled shoes upon his feet and a cocked hat upon his powdered wig, step forth from the doorway of the Raleigh Tavern under the shade of the trees by the roadside. And even if the living, present-day inhabitants of the old town must live, and must be provided with emporiums wherein to purchase food and drink, clothing and cigars, medicines and magazines and the

sundry necessities and luxuries of life, these who have undertaken the restoration of Williamsburg have done all they could to render these stores inconspicuous and in keeping with their surroundings and the colonial type of architecture.

It must have been a staggering, a truly Herculean undertaking to have rebuilt and restored this old state capital. Many of the buildings had completely disappeared, only their foundations remaining, and even these not infrequently hidden under the accumulation of centuries. Many were in such a bad state of disrepair that it was necessary to tear them down and rebuild them; and the lovely gardens of the Governor's House and other old residences were jungles of weeds, brush and tangled vines. In fact there was scarcely a building that did not necessitate restoration and repairs. Yet today one can scarcely believe that the city as it appears has risen from the neglected, almost forgotten wreck and ruin of a few years ago. And when one strolls through the formal gardens with their terraced lawns, their centuries-old magnificent boxwood hedges, their spreading trees, their charming rockeries and their beds of gorgeous old-fashioned flowers, it seems impossible that they have not been carefully kept and cared for by skilled gardeners throughout the years that have passed since the bewigged, snuff-taking gentlemen and the powdered-haired, voluminous-skirted, tightly laced ladies of old colonial Virginia wandered between the hedges, made love in the rose gardens and gossiped

of the latest news brought by white-winged sailing ships from distant England.

In many cases, as I have said, the reconstructed buildings have such an obvious freshness and newness that no one could be deluded into believing that they had withstood the wear and tear and ravages of weather for two centuries or more. But there are others, some partly restored and others wholly rebuilt, which have every appearance of being the original structures unchanged through the centuries. Such is the old Raleigh Tavern, low, squat, dormer-windowed, and so comfortable looking, with such an easy-going, inviting air about it that one feels instinctively that one might be sure of finding jolly companions and right good cheer within its portals.

Many a famous man in Virginia's past has found both in the historic old tavern. It was here, in the Apollo Room, that Thomas Jefferson spent many a gay and pleasant evening, dancing with "Belinda," as "merry and agreeable as possible," as he wrote to a friend. But here in the old Raleigh the fickle Belinda broke the engagement and Thomas turned his attentions to the fair lady whom he won by bravely attempting to play a fiddle.

In the days immediately preceding the Revolution, the old Raleigh was the favorite meeting place for the patriots, and many a toast was drunk to the damnation of England and the freedom of the Colonies. In fact there was a private room in the tavern which was the real headquarters of the rebels, and there

Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson and the others met to discuss their plans and to consult on matters of state and politics.

It would scarcely be stretching a point to state that the Raleigh Tavern was really the birthplace of our Union, and at any rate it was the nest that hatched the egg of discontent and injustice and produced the chick which, fully feathered and spurred, crowed lustily and defiantly and challenged the British bulldog to do battle. And when, in 1774, Lord Dunmore dissolved the Assembly that had protested against the closing of Boston harbor, the indignant, rebellious Burgesses adjourned to the friendly Raleigh and in the Apollo Room drew up their famous resolution urging a boycott of tea and other Oriental products. Here, too, on Dec. 5, 1776, the college boys organized the Phi Beta Kappa society whose Chapter House, still standing upon the campus, is the oldest and the first Chapter House in America. But no traces of those historic days remain. There is never an initial of one of those old frequenters of the tavern scratched on a window pane or cut in chair, wall or table, for the original Raleigh was destroyed by fire in 1859, and all its relics of the past went up in flames and smoke.

But there is many another building in Williamsburg which has withstood the ravages of time, the vicissitudes of war and fire, and the American mania for modernization, and remains as it was in the days of Washington, Jefferson and Lafayette. Such is the

Cary House on England Street, a white cottage surrounded by velvety lawns and lovely gardens shaded by ancient, wide-spreading trees, and with a square colonial porch, whereon, in the days of yore, the lovely Sarah and Mary Cary were ardently wooed by both George Washington and Lord Fairfax. But in this contest the British won, and poor George was turned down. One speculates as to what Miss Cary's decision would have been had she been able to foresee that the man whose hand and heart she refused would become the greatest and most famous of Americans and one of the wealthiest of Virginians, and that, as his bride, she would be the First Lady of the Land.

Many a romance, many a drama, many a tragedy would be revealed could these old buildings tell their tales, for in them men and women loved and lost and were born and died and had their joys and sorrows which, vital and portentous as they seemed, were but fleeting, trivial matters in the turning of the wheel of fate and time. Yet at times some tortured soul, bruised and buffeted by the tempestuous seas of life, left an indelible record of the past. Thus, in the Page House, scratched by the diamond of a ring upon a pane of glass, are the initials "T.B." followed by the date, Nov. 23, 1790, and the words: "O, fatal day."

But if we are to believe local tradition and those who should know, even more vivid reminders of the past are to be seen in the Wythe House, built in 1775,

THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, WILLIAMSBURG

North Garden

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER STREET, WILLIAMSBURG

The Travis House at right. Old Capitol at end of the street

which served as Washington's headquarters just before the Yorktown Campaign. A charming home with splendid gardens, it was the residence of George Wythe, the first professor of the first law course in an American college. He it was who taught Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe and Edmund Randolph, and when the seeds of revolution were sprouting in Virginia, it was Judge Wythe who was the rebels' guide, advisor and mentor. His name also appears upon the Declaration of Independence, although scarcely known to the world at large, despite the fact that he had a most important part in fathering the Revolution and our infant Republic.

But the historic interest and associations of the brilliant and patriotic judge's home are quite overshadowed by the fact that it is haunted, and most thoroughly and completely haunted at that, for it boasts not one but three ghosts!

The first of these wraiths is, so it is generally believed, the restless spirit of Judge Wythe himself, who was murdered in Richmond, and who, perhaps, resents strangers sleeping in his former bedroom. At all events, whoever sleeps in the Judge's chamber on the night of the Eighth of June, is certain to be awakened by the terrifying touch of a cold and clammy hand upon his brow. As far as I have been able to ascertain, no person who has slept in the haunted room has ever actually seen the ghost, hence it is merely supposition that it is the spirit of the worthy professor and judge. Moreover, although

the phantom is credited with being a dangerous and aggressive ghost, I have found no evidence that it has ever actually harmed any one, and it would seem entirely out of keeping with Judge Wythe's character and profession in life for his ghost to inflict bodily harm upon a person. He was a man of spotless virtue, kind and considerate, and so deeply steeped in matters legal that I cannot imagine even his wraith doing anything that was not strictly in accordance with the laws made and provided. Far more probably the Judge's ghost is merely lonely and desires to have a friendly midnight chat with the occupant of his one-time bedroom.

Although there is some reason for the ghost of Judge Wythe to haunt the old homestead—for it is a well known fact that the spirits of murdered men are ever restless—there seems to be no explanation for the presence of the other two ghosts who frequent the house. There is no question as to their identity, and the apparition that has been seen many a time walking back and forth in the wide hallway is unmistakable. Clearly visible in the moonlight filtering in through the small-paned windows, is the ghost of no less a personage than George Washington, powdered wig, regimental uniform, high boots and all. As I have said, it is a mystery as to why the spirit of Washington should haunt the Wythe House, and it is equally a mystery why the ghost of beautiful Mrs. Skipworth (née Byrd) of Westover, should spend its nights descending the broad hall stairs of

the old house. But then, ghosts are ever mysterious, and why try to explain their triple presence in the Wythe House? The more especially as the house is now the parish house of Bruton Church, and hence barred to those who might wish to catch a glimpse of its ghostly occupants or risk the consequences of passing the night of June Eighth in the bedchamber of Judge Wythe.

To most persons, however, ghosts and spirits, long-forgotten romances and tragedies are of far less interest than the more concrete, tangible and obvious attractions of the town. There is nothing mysterious or wraithlike about the old and famous buildings, for our ancestors of the pre-Revolutionary days built solidly and well, practically and for all time. There was no nonsense about their buildings, no doo-dads or gingerbread in their architecture; and while they embodied much of their own sturdy and independent characters in their buildings and dwellings—which were oftentimes most inconveniently and uncomfortably arranged for housekeeping—yet they produced a most attractive, typical and artistic form of architecture.

Perhaps nowhere else in America are there so many and such notable examples of fine colonial buildings as in Williamsburg. The impressive but austere Colonial Capitol, with its semicircular wings and tall, slender three-story cupola; the Governor's Palace with its cupola rivaling that of the Capitol, flanked on either side by tall brick chimneys and with

its stiff rectangular dormer windows looking down upon the magnificent gardens behind the high brick walls; and the old Courthouse, are all interesting despite the fact that only the Courthouse is genuine, the Governor's Palace and Capitol having been completely rebuilt upon the old foundations which were all that remained of the original structures. Another relic of the past which invariably attracts attention and is of great historic interest is the odd cylindrical, conical-roofed Powder Horn, a magazine built in 1714 to contain ammunition for William and Mary College in case of attack by enemies, Indian or otherwise, the student body comprising the defensive force. And it was the removal of powder from the Old Powder Horn on April 20, 1775, that precipitated the outbreak of the Revolution in Virginia.

But the greatest drawing card of Williamsburg to many if not most visitors is old William and Mary College. The second oldest college in the United States, founded in 1655 by the Rev. James Blair, Rector of the Bruton Church, it is the only college in America with a Royal Charter and entitled to a Coat of Arms granted by the British sovereign. Despite the fact that a portion of the funds which went to its building was the loot of pirates (see Chapter VI) the college was most strict in some of its rules and regulations. It was an unalterable law that no student should be admitted or allowed to remain if he gambled, was a drunkard or owned a race horse. Perhaps the rule was formulated for the good of

the students, the wise and reverend doctor and his colleagues realizing that gamblers, sots and race track fans were not the stuff of which ambitious students are made; or again, it may have been made to insure a spirit of democracy among the college boys, and to prevent the more impecunious from getting head over heels in debt by striving to keep up with their more wealthy classmates. At all events, it was not the result of narrow-mindedness, prejudice or an effort to keep the college "dry," for it was also a rule that the students should have good spirits as a part of their rations and when, a few years ago, the daily allowance of whiskey was reduced the college boys struck *en masse*. Another odd feature of the old college was the official "Stocking Mender." Among the old records is a resolution dated June 26, 1761, whereby it was "Resolved that Mrs. Foster be appointed Stocking Mender of the College, and that she be paid annually the sum of twelve pounds, provided she furnish herself with lodging, diet, fire and candles."

No doubt in those days, when the males of the species wore knee-breeches and hose, the duties of a college Stocking Mender were far from being a sinecure, and reading between the lines of the resolution, and considering the mere pittance which Mistress Foster would have remaining after defraying expenses for lodging, fire, diet and candles out of her annual income of twelve pounds, we can safely assume that the owners of the stockings she repaired

were expected to tip the lady for her services.

Perhaps the most famous of these college buildings is the Wren Building, so called because it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. Also, it is the oldest academic building in the United States, having been built in 1695. Another noteworthy edifice is the President's House, built in 1732, which was the home of a long line of college executives. Before the Yorktown Campaign this building was used by Lord Cornwallis, and during the siege of Yorktown it was occupied by French troops. At that time it was partly destroyed by an accidental fire and was rebuilt and refurnished by King Louis XVI at his own expense.

Finally there is the Brafferton Indian school, the first Indian school to be established in America, built in 1723, half hidden under the widespreading trees in a corner of the college campus near the Phi Beta Kappa Chapter House with its red brick walls covered with ivy.

But historic and interesting and priceless as are these old college buildings, yet there is a greater, more romantic human interest in the old "Buccaneers' Jail." Long forgotten, and its exact whereabouts unknown, the remains of the old prison were discovered last year and plans are now under way to restore the building to its original state. Within the walls of this old jail, which was built in 1701, many a malefactor has had abundant opportunity to repent of his sins. And many a poor fellow, whose only crime was that his income was not equal to his

outgo, was cast into the Williamsburg jail in the days when men and women were imprisoned for debts.

The most notorious of the prisoners who have been chained and shackled in this jail were the members of the pirate Blackbeard's crew. And when the *débris* of centuries had been cleared away from the ruins of the old prison the excavators came upon rusty irons, corroded chains, heavy shackles and ponderous padlocks which doubtless had encircled the arms and legs of more than one murderous and sin-hardened old sea-rover. Moreover, the spades of the workmen turned up moldy human bones. Whose skeletons they were, no one can say. Perchance some of the prisoners died during their incarceration and were buried within the precincts of the jail, or perhaps they were duly executed. But we may be fairly certain they were not the mortal remains of old Blackbeard's scoundrelly crew, for those worthies were hanged by the neck until they were dead at nearby Gallows Road and their bodies were left to dangle in chains for many a year.

But perhaps the most famous of prisoners in the old jail was Henry Hamilton, the English Governor of Detroit, who had won the nickname of "The Scalp Taker" owing to his activities in inducing his Indian allies to massacre the American colonists. Taken prisoner by George Rogers Clark, at the battle of Vincennes in 1779, the hated "Scalp Taker" was heavily ironed and marched overland to Williamsburg where he was cast into the public jail and

chained to the wall. Treated like the commonest felon, he was compelled to subsist on the cheap, almost inedible prison fare and was not even permitted paper and pen with which to write to friends and relatives. In the end he was released and placed under parole in New York.

Close to the famous old jail and its associations with pirates, tories, runaway slaves, bandits, criminals and debtors, was a smaller prison built for the sole purpose of housing the poor debtors who, by 1711, had become so numerous that the original "Old Strong Street Prison" could not accommodate them and other criminals as well.

During the unsettled and uncertain days of the eighteenth century it was quite an undertaking to keep one's expenditures within one's means and not get head-over-heels in debt. Even the supposedly wealthy planters and most exclusive and proud aristocrats had many a headache over their finances, and many a time found it impossible to raise fair sized sums in cash, even for purposes of the most exacting conventions such as marriage settlements, as witness the following letters between two fond fathers whose children were about to be united in wedlock:

May 27, 1764

Dear Sir: My son, James Walker, having informed me of his intention to pay his addresses to your daughter, Elizabeth, if he should be agreeable to yourself, lady and daughter, it may not be amiss

to inform you what I feel myself able to afford for their support in case of a union.

My affairs are in an uncertain state, but I will promise 1000 pounds to be paid in 1766, and the further sum of 2000 pounds I promise to give him, but the uncertainty of my present affairs prevent my fixing on a time of payment. The above sums are all to be in money or lands and other effects at the option of my son, John Walker.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

Thomas Walker.

To Col. Bernard Moore, Esq., in King William.

To this quite formal, even if revealing communication as to Mr. Walker's financial affairs, the father of the object of young Walker's affections replied in kind, as follows:

May 28, 1764.

Dear Sir:

Your son, John Walker, having applied to me for leave to make his addresses to my daughter, Elizabeth, I gave him leave and told him at the same time that my affairs were in such state that it was not in my power to pay him all the money this year that I intended to give my daughter, provided he succeeded; but would give him five hundred pounds more as soon after as I could raise or get the money, which sums you may depend I will most punctually pay to him.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

Bernard Moore.

Speaking of marriages and prospective wives reminds me of the quaint "Old Almanack" which was the "best seller" of the eighteenth century in Virginia and is still being published, in the quaint Old English type, by the Colonial Williamsburg Inc. as a feature of the Williamsburg restoration project. Aside from its calendrical and astronomical contents, there is much solid matter in its pages, with sound—if often humorous—advice as to one's manner of life and conduct each month. Thus, for the month of January, we are told to "Use meats that are moderately hot, for the best physick is warm diet, warm cloaths and a merry honest wife!"

Some there are, who might question the matter of a "merry honest wife" serving as a physic, but no one can deny that a warm diet and warm clothes are quite essential to one's comfort in January—even in Virginia.

It was most fortunate for the colonists who settled at Jamestown, that their "Cittie" was burned to the ground, and that they moved, bag and baggage, to the "Middle Plantation" which was rechristened Williamsburg. Jamestown was no fit place for a colony. It was low, damp and unhealthful, the soil was poor and limited in area, and even if the town had escaped the conflagration it never could have grown and expanded as did Williamsburg. But the fire was most unfortunate for posterity. Of all the old structures in this first British settlement in America, only the ruins of the foundations of the

first state house, and the church tower remain. This is the tower of one of the later churches built subsequently to that which "cost fifty pounds and the tavern five hundred," which was something of a reflection on the piety of the colonists and their opinion of the relative importance of places for public worship and public drinking.

A few old tombstones are visible in the churchyard, but the epitaphs are obliterated, the oldest legible inscription on any tombstone in Virginia being that of Mrs. Alice Jordan, who died in 1650, and whose grave is in Major Brown's orchard near Four Mile Tree.

Neither is the oldest Virginian house at Jamestown or Williamsburg, but at Smith's Fork. This dwelling, which is exactly fifty feet in length, was built in 1654 on land which was sold to Thomas Warren by Thomas Rolfe, the son of John Rolfe and Pocahontas.

Mainly, this district along the shores of the lower reaches of the James River and Chesapeake Bay is associated with the stirring and epoch-making events of the Revolution and the Civil War, for here both land and naval engagements occurred and some of the fiercest fighting took place. It was in Hampton Roads that the famous battle of the *Monitor* and *Merrimac* took place, within sight of the oldest English town in the United States, for Hampton was established immediately after the settlement of Jamestown and has been in continuous existence ever

since. And here the first free school in North America was established and is still being conducted under the name of the Syms-Eaton Academy.

Even nearer Jamestown is historic Yorktown, where practically every old house and building is identified with the Revolution and bears marks of battle. Here is the old brick Customs House, built in 1715, the first Customs House in the United States.

Another old and historic building is Grace Church, built in 1700, which was used as powder magazine during the siege of Yorktown. It was quite badly battered by the shot and shell, and during the War of 1812 it was still further injured, while during the Civil War, when it was used as a hospital, an explosion practically demolished it. Another building which still bears the scars of battle and the wounds of cannon balls is the West House which was occupied by British officers during the siege.

Of far greater interest is the Nelson House. At the time of the Revolution this was the finest residence in the town and was occupied by Cornwallis after being forced to evacuate the West House when its walls and timbers came tumbling about his Lordship's ears under the barrage of the Americans' gunfire. It was during this bombardment that Nelson, in command of the Virginia Militia, turned to Lafayette, saying: "Spare no article of my property as long as it affords comfort or shelter to the enemy."

Lodged in a wall of the house, now called York

Hall, is a cannon ball fired on that memorable occasion. Also, concealed by a panel in the dining room, is a secret doorway giving upon a hidden flight of stairs leading to the attic.

But by far the most historic of Yorktown's many historic buildings is the Moore House, half a mile from the town proper, and now known as Temple Farm, for it was here that the terms of the British surrender were arranged and signed and the Revolutionary War came to its official end—probably the most momentous event in the entire history of our country.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE DAUGHTER OF THE STARS

PROBABLY no other state in the Union has devoted as much thought, money and care to preserving and marking historic and romantic sites and objects as has Virginia. Which is as it should be, for it is doubtful if any other state can boast of so many famous battlefields, so many old homes, such a multitude of buildings and sites of historic and romantic interest and importance as lie within the boundaries of the Old Dominion; not to mention that upon its soil are the remains of the first English settlement in North America.

Everywhere, as one travels over Virginia's magnificent motor highways, one finds the bronze tablets marking battlefields or other historic episodes or sites. Over one thousand have been placed and, to paraphrase a familiar saying, "he who rides may read" Virginia's history almost at a glance. But admitting the value of these markers, yet there is really little interest and still less romance in a bronze tablet attached to a stone or concrete monument, bridge abutment or column. One may read that a certain decisive and bloody battle took place on a certain date and may actually stand on the same earth

that was bathed in blood and torn by shot and shell. But there is nothing in the surroundings to hint of terrific conflict having taken place. The still, shady woods, the green pastures, the smiling hillsides, the broad acres of tilled land, the burbling streams are as peaceful as though no sound of strife had ever tortured the soft balmy air. Amid such surroundings one cannot visualize the ranks of blue and gray, the thunder of cannon, the crackle of rifle fire, the shriek of shells, the pall of powder smoke, the torn and mangled bodies of men and horses, the charging cavalry dashing across the fields, the batteries belching fire and death from behind rude earthworks and stone walls, the forest trees stripped of leaves and branches by shot and shell.

Over seventy years have passed since the bloody tide of battle ebbed and flowed over Virginia, where much of the heaviest fighting between the armies of the Blue and the Gray took place in the Shenandoah Valley. Lying between the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains, this lovely valley of the Shenandoah forms a natural route across the state, and therefore was of vast strategical value to the armies of the Union and the Confederacy. But Nature hides its scars quickly, and today no traces remain of the terrible conflicts that raged up and down the Shenandoah, devastating its fields and farms, mowing down its forests, leaving its villages and homesteads shell-shattered, smoking ruins. As fair and as lovely as ever is the Valley of the Shenandoah,

and where plodding regiments of infantry, troops of cavalry and batteries of artillery forced a way over rutty dirt roads deep with mud and clay, to slay or be slain, today countless motorists speed smoothly over perfect concrete highways.

Some, intent only on reaching their destination in the least possible time, are oblivious of everything other than the indicators of their speedometers, the nearest filling station and other vehicles. Scenery, the dark forest-clad mountain slopes, the lush green meadows, the broad acres of well-tilled farms, the placidly flowing river, the flashing streams, the flowering orchards, the grazing flocks and herds, the peaceful quiet villages—are all a blur, unnoticed, scarcely seen in the mad race against time. Others, touring leisurely across the state, following the guide books and folders, gaze at the Natural Bridge, wander through the great caverns, take snaps of monuments and commemorative tablets, and admire the scenery and delude themselves with the idea that they have "done" the famous Shenandoah Valley and hence have "seen" Virginia. But it is safe to say that not one in five hundred—yes in a thousand—of those who "tour" the state and the valley are really cognizant of its lure and beauty, or absorb something of its romance; for mere beauty and romance are not such easily "sold" propositions as are spas and country clubs, palatial hotels and golf links, road houses and vast underground caverns, all of which are conspicuously exploited with great profit to the exploiters.

(*Courtesy of Norfolk & Western Ry.*)

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY FROM LITTLE STONEY MAN MT.

(*Courtesy of Norfolk & Western Ry.*)

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY FROM CRESCENT ROCK

Even battlefields and the graves of soldiers who fought and fell are drawing-cards widely featured; yet, to many, a quaint tradition, some almost forgotten romance, a haunted house, an Indian legend, the story of some proud old family, the tale of a duel at dawn, the homely philosophy of a woodsman or a country storekeeper, the yarns of local characters or the folk lore of the happy-go-lucky negroes, hold a far greater interest and attraction than greens and fairways, luxurious hotels, garish road houses, battlefields or cemeteries, or even the electrically-lighted, stalactite-filled caves, marvelous as they are. And there is plenty of such, an abundance of local color and romance to be found in the Shenandoah Valley.

Shenandoah—The Daughter of the Stars—the Indians called this great valley nestling between the twin ranges of the Blue Ridge and the Alleghenies, and well might the stars be proud of such a lovely daughter. Whether one visits the Shenandoah in early spring when the orchards are masses of white and rosy bloom and the mountainsides are flecked with flowering dogwood and rhododendron flowers clothe the slopes; whether one first sees the valley in midsummer with a blue haze veiling the mountain tops, with golden sunshine flooding the fields and farms, with the sleepy drone of bees amid the crimson clover, and with a soft and balmy breeze caressing the winding streams and lulling one to rest; or whether one tours the Shenandoah in autumn when the mountainsides are draped in blankets of orange, gold and

crimson, and the corn is sere and brown, and the meadows are purple and golden with asters, goldenrod and ironweed, when the mountain air has the tonic of old wine and the sweetly acrid odor of ripening fruit fills one's nostrils—yes, regardless of the season of the year, the Shenandoah Valley is one of Nature's masterpieces, one of the loveliest spots in all our fair country and, aside from its sheer scenic beauty, boasting more natural wonders than any area of equal size in the entire Union. And to preserve its beauty, its wonders and its historic features, much of the valley and the surrounding mountains have been declared a National Park—the first National Park to be established in the United States east of the Mississippi.

But long before one reaches this bit of earthly Paradise, and regardless of the route one follows, the loveliness of the Virginia landscape cannot be ignored. And as one climbs the perfectly graded highway up and up the forested slopes of the Blue Ridge, and at last, topping the summit, gazes across that vast green valley with the hazy blue bulk of the Alleghenies in the distance, one understands why the poetical Indians called it "The Daughter of the Stars."

Also, one can understand the thrill and delight of Governor Alexander Spottswood and his comrades when, in 1716, the little party of fifty men surmounted the Blue Ridge after a long and arduous journey from distant Williamsburg, and looked upon the Shenandoah Valley. No wonder they laughed and

shouted and sang and celebrated. "We drank to the King's health in Champagne and fired a volley" says the chronicler, "and to the Prince's health in Burgundy and fired a volley; and to all the rest of the Royal Family's health in claret and fired a volley. We drank also the Governor's health in rum and fired a volley. We called the highest mountain Mt. George and the one we crossed over Mt. Spottswood."

Obviously explorers in those days went well provided with the good things of life and had no intention of suffering from thirst regardless of whatever other hardships they might endure, for assuredly they must have been well stocked with liquid refreshments to have enabled fifty men to drink toasts in rum, claret, Burgundy and champagne. Standing there upon the crest of the Blue Ridge today and absorbing the marvelous beauty of the panorama spread at one's feet one can picture those stout, hard-drinking, two-fisted old cavaliers astride their winded mounts. And one can fancy how the echoes of their volleys of musketry rang out upon the still air and startled the nesting eagles on the cliffs and caused the herds of elk and buffalo, grazing on the lush meadows of the valley, to raise their heads in wonder if not in fright at the unknown sounds from the mountain heights.

A rather romantic soul was Governor Spottswood, a man of imagination, and as he gazed upon the Shenandoah he felt that something more lasting and tangible than toasts and volleys should commemorate the great achievement of his friends and

himself. For a space he knitted his brows in thought, and then he had an inspiration. He would institute an order of knighthood with membership restricted to those who had drunk the health of His Majesty atop the Blue Ridge! His comrades fell for the idea at once. It exactly suited their temperaments and their sense of exaltation—no doubt stimulated by their copious healths in mixed drinks—and they cheered lustily and fired another volley. But what to call the newly proposed order was the question. Various names were suggested, and then, recalling that they had set forth on unshod steeds and had been forced to return to have their horses shod, some one hilariously proposed they call themselves "Knights of the Horseshoes." The idea tickled the worthy Governor and his fellows immensely, but, His Excellency reminded them, horseshoes were rather plebeian objects for gallant knights' insignia, so why not add the word gold? Whereupon he then and there named his company "Sir Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." Moreover, when he and his "Sir Knights" had returned to civilization, he dispatched a letter to His Majesty, the King of England, praying that the Crown might bestow and grant unto himself and comrades a Royal Order of Knighthood. And, strange as it may seem, in due course of time the impressive documents creating THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE were duly received, together with fifty miniature horseshoes of gold, each bearing the motto "Sic jurat transcendere montes" (Thus

we swear to cross mountains) and, in addition, a document with regal seals and signature which conferred the title of "Sir" upon the worthy explorer-governor. But it appears that His Majesty must have seen the humor of the affair and was bound to have his little joke, for along with the golden horseshoes came a bill for the same which Governor Sir Alexander Spottswood paid from his own pocket.

It was a great, a momentous achievement for Governor Spottswood and his fifty men to have crossed Virginia and surmounted the Blue Ridge back in 1716; but it was a far greater achievement and a more momentous event to have constructed the Skyline Drive which follows the mountain crest high above the famous valley—perhaps the most scenically beautiful motor highway in the United States.

Just why the Shenandoah Valley and its surrounding ranges should be so fascinatingly lovely is something of a puzzle. There are many loftier mountains hemming in wider, longer valleys. There are greener, more colorful spots where shimmering lakes enhance the view. But somehow, in some mysterious manner, Mother Nature has so deftly combined mountains and valley, a thousand shades of green and gold, the blue cloud-flecked sky, the hazy ultramarine ranges, the mauve shadows and dazzling sunshine, the patches of woodland and lush pastures, the tilled fields and nestling homesteads of the Shenandoah that it appears a veritable masterpiece, perfect in its harmony and composition, superb in its coloring

and beyond all words adequately to describe. Yet even here man's hand and man's greed has defiled the landscape. Everywhere, obtruding themselves on the most delectable views and bordering the roadsides, forming ugly gaudy blots upon the fair countryside, are the huge, glaring sign boards advertising this or that cavern. The ordinary bill boards, screaming of shaving creams, gasoline, motor oils, hotels and what not, are bad enough, but nowhere in all my travels have I had the misfortune to see so many, so conspicuous and such wholly uncalled-for sign boards as those which advertise and exploit the caverns of the Shenandoah Valley. Why the State of Virginia, which is so alive to the preservation of natural beauties and attractions, should permit the most beautiful scenery to be ruined by sign boards advertising private enterprises is a mystery and a crying shame. One cannot possibly miss the caverns. The entrances to the grounds surrounding them, the garish signs, the electric lights at night, are enough to attract the attention of any and all. Yet, for scores of miles in every direction, the owners of the caves have been allowed to clutter up and mar the countryside with their signs. In fact their very number and obtrusiveness serve a purpose exactly opposite that intended. Many persons whom I have met have been so offended by the signs and so weary of them that they have passed by the advertised caverns without stopping. It is bad enough to have the natural wonders of Virginia in the hands of private in-

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dividuals and corporations who profit enormously thereby, instead of having them all the property of the state and under state control.

Yet in justice to the proprietors of the caverns it must be admitted that they have vastly enhanced their natural attractions, have installed expensive lighting arrangements, have made them easily accessible and safe for visitors, and in some have even installed elevators. Neither can I deny that the caverns of Virginia are probably the most extensive, the most beautiful and the most exploited of the world's caverns. To any one who is interested in caves, to all who have never entered a vast cavern, they are marvelous, well worth paying to see. Yet, in a way, all are alike. All are filled with dripstone formations with pendent stalactites and with stalagmites rising from the floor, with crystalline pools or small lakes of water, with labyrinthine corridors and galleries, and immense subterranean chambers. And while the formations of limestone are never twice alike in shape, color or size, and each seems more remarkable and beautiful than the last, yet in a way all caves are similar, and far be it from me to attempt to state which of the Shenandoah Valley caverns is the most remarkable, the most desirable or the most beautiful. The only way to determine such matters is to visit them all, and that is a real undertaking, for they are legion.

But to my mind the romantic associations of the caves are of far greater interest than the caverns

themselves or their draperies and grottoes of gleaming dripstone. No one can definitely say which of these caverns was the first to be visited by white men, although Crystal Cave was discovered as long ago as 1755, while the first to be explored and described was Luray, explored in 1878. But the Indians had known them and had made use of them centuries before then. At the spot now known as Skeleton Gorge, in Luray Caverns, the bones of an Indian girl were found embedded in the dripstone. Arrow and spear points of stone, fragments of crude pottery and the remnants of a fire were also discovered, while in one spot some Indian had left moccasin tracks impressed in the crystallizing limestone. In Kaiser's Cave, eight miles north of Luray, the explorers found an Indian grave containing twelve bodies placed one upon another with several skulls and skeletons embedded in the rock, while in the Shenandoah Caverns there was the well-preserved skeleton of an Indian boy.

Indians, however, were not the only persons to make use of the caverns years before they were brought to the attention of the world or were exploited. For long they were refuges for robbers, soldiers, trappers and explorers, and many of these temporary occupants left their names or initials cut upon the walls. During the old days of Indian raids and of warfare the caves often served as hiding places for valuables and for documents. Highwaymen made them their lairs. During the Civil War the Confederate soldiers secured saltpeter from some of

the caverns, and the number of animal remains that have been found prove that the caves afforded welcome shelter and dens for bears, wildcats, pumas, wolves and other savage beasts. In some the underground streams are inhabited by blind, ghostly white fish, while in Count's Cave, three miles north of Luray, dwell a species of albino rats with pink eyes.

Scores of caverns are known in this section of northwestern Virginia, many of which have never been thoroughly explored and are never visited by tourists, and doubtless many more still remain undiscovered, for the limestone formation is fairly honeycombed with caves and finding them is largely a matter of accident or chance. As a result of the numerous subterranean chambers and passages, there are many "lost rivers" in the district. It is not unusual for a good-sized stream suddenly to vanish in the earth, perhaps never to reappear or, on the other hand, to gush abruptly from the surface of the earth miles from where it disappeared. And it is largely owing to the underground cavities that lakes and ponds are so conspicuously absent, although, after a heavy rain, the "sink holes" or depressions caused by fallen-in caves are often filled with water and give the effect of small ponds.

## CHAPTER IX

### SOUTHWARD THROUGH THE SHENANDOAH

When approaching from the north, one actually enters the Shenandoah Valley at Winchester, a town made famous by Sheridan's Ride, and replete with historic interests and associations, aside from having been the scene of some of the most desperate engagements of the Civil War, the town having changed hands seventy-two times during the struggle between North and South.

It was near Winchester that the youthful Washington was employed by Lord Fairfax as a surveyor, and here, also, is the latter's tomb. It was at Winchester, too, that Washington built a fort as a defense against the French and Indians, for the country west of the site of the present town was the headquarters of the Shawnees, who allied themselves with the French and the savages who swept down on Virginia from their strongholds of the Middle West; and Winchester was ever in peril of their destructive raids.

In the early days of vast estates, when the titled proprietors lived like feudal lords, the largest of all Virginia properties was Northern Neck owned by Lords Fairfax and Culpepper. Here, at the mansion of Greenway Court, Washington was "put up" while

engaged in surveying the Fairfax lands. And while the historic house has long since vanished, the "office" wherein Lord Fairfax issued land grants still remains, as does the "White Post," one of his landmarks, which gave its name to the nearby village.

Near here, too, at Boyce, is "Saratoga," one of the most interesting relics of Revolutionary days in the entire state, for it was the home of Daniel Morgan, one of the most famous and remarkable participants in the war, whose life story is the equal of any romance of fiction. It was in 1754 that Morgan arrived in Viriginia from the north. He was a husky, gangling youth of seventeen, and earned a precarious livelihood as a laborer at various small jobs, finally becoming a teamster. A year after his arrival he was engaged as a wagon driver for Braddock's expedition and had his first taste of war. And, almost instantly, the peaceful eighteen-year-old teamster became transformed into a warrior, a daredevilish, madly courageous fighter whose first exploit was to lead a handful of his fellows from Edwards Fort, where he had become a member of the garrison, to attack a superior force of Indians. In single-handed combat Morgan killed four of the tribesmen, and with the aid of his comrades completely routed the savages. Word of this courageous and triumphant feat soon reached the ears of Washington who commissioned Morgan as an ensign in the Virginian militia, where he distinguished himself by his military genius, his bravery and his fighting ability, until the

beginning of the Revolution.

With the outbreak of the war, Morgan at once organized a company of picked riflemen, and with them marched overland from Virginia to Boston. Then, in command of his frontiersmen, he joined Benedict Arnold's expedition against Quebec where he and his rough and ready Virginians distinguished themselves for their gallantry until Morgan was taken prisoner by the British. But he did not remain a prisoner for long, and soon was back in the Continental Army, once more at the head of his company of riflemen, whose accurate marksmanship was largely responsible for the victory at Saratoga, the British regulars being shot down by the Virginians' long-range hunting rifles long before they could make use of their own short-range muskets. From Saratoga, Morgan and his men went south, and at Cowpens, South Carolina, in January 1781, he won a decisive victory over Tarleton, a victory which led to Cornwallis' invasion of Virginia and so indirectly resulted in the British surrender at Yorktown.

But there was one foe Morgan could not vanquish. Though he might slay savages in hand-to-hand battle, and with his buckskin-clad, untrained riflemen defeat the best soldiers of Europe, yet he could not combat ill health, and he was at last compelled to retire from active service. At Boyce he built the home which still stands, which he named Saratoga in memory of the famous battle he had been so instrumental in winning. And, most fittingly it would seem, the house was

largely built by Hessian prisoners of war, many of whom had been captured by the redoubtable Virginian and his men. In later years, Morgan moved to Winchester where he died and was buried.

Six miles south of Winchester is Springdale, one of the oldest plantations in the valley. Ruins of the stone house, built by Joist Hite in 1732, may still be seen, and speak most eloquently of the constant menace of marauding savages in those early days of Virginia, for the dwelling was built directly over an open, never-failing spring in order to insure an ample supply of fresh water in case the occupants were besieged by Indians.

This was a rather common practice in the days when raiding tribesmen swept up and down the Shenandoah Valley, and at Strasburg is the old Hupp homestead, used as a fort in the time of the Indian wars, with loopholed walls and a cellar designed to serve as a cistern for water led from a nearby stream.

It is difficult indeed to imagine the peaceful valley, with its filling stations, its villages and farms, its hotels and golf courses, its obtrusive sign boards and its speeding motor cars as an untamed wilderness haunted by lurking savages. It is hard to picture painted warriors stealing silently along secret trails where now the broad highway threads the valley and the screams of locomotive whistles have supplanted the war whoops of the Indians as they rushed to cut down some unwary husbandman or launched an attack on some isolated settler's home. But many a

house went up in smoke in the days when the indomitable colonists were pushing farther and farther westward and were hewing farms and homesteads from the wilderness of the Shenandoah.

Two miles south of Woodstock a tablet marks the last of the Indian raids in the valley. It took place in 1766 and was not much of a fight as Indian fights go, for only five warriors attacked two settlers' families who were fleeing to Woodstock for safety. Two of the white men were killed, but the women and children escaped.

At New Market one may turn eastward on Route 211 and, climbing to the summit of the Blue Ridge, follow the Skyline Drive southward to Route 4 and thence back to the valley at Harrisonburg; or one may follow the valley road.

Harrisonburg, "The Friendly City," is in the center of the cavern district. It is surrounded by at least a dozen battlefields; within a radius of fifty miles are the birthplaces of five of our Presidents; it is within easy reach of such natural wonders as the Chimney Rocks, Peaked Mountain, the Washington Profile and the Tidal Spring. It was the home of Lincoln's forbears and is rich in associations and traditions of Governor Spottswood, George Washington, John Sevier, Daniel Boone, Daniel Morgan, Sam Houston, Stonewall Jackson, Turner Ashby and Matthew Fontaine Maury. Here, too, the highway follows the old-time Indian warriors' trail, and many a bloody scene and many a savage raid took place in

the neighborhood of the present town.

It is rather difficult to understand why Harrisonburg should have taken unto itself the nickname of The Friendly City, considering how universally friendly one finds the Virginians; but, as the sleepy, attractive city lives up to its chosen name, no one can question its right to the designation.

All up and down the valley—as almost everywhere else in Virginia—there is a seemingly endless succession of commemorative tablets, most of which mark sites of Civil War battles, bringing home most vividly how terrific was the struggle that raged back and forth across the fair countryside of Virginia during that fearful era of fratricidal strife. And when one stops to think that it was barely seventy years ago that the armies of the Blue and the Gray were marching along these roads, bivouacking on the meadows, hurling shot and shell across the valley, charging with swinging sabers and hoarse battle cries across the fields, wreaking destruction and leaving death and desolation in their wake—when one stops to realize this, one marvels that so few scars, so few visible traces of that awful conflict remain and that, were it not for the tablets by the roadside, no one would dream that the country was the stage of some of the bloodiest battles ever fought.

Yet important and interesting and admirable as are these markers, if the traveler were to stop long enough to read each and every one, the trip through the Shenandoah would be a matter of weeks rather

than hours. But there are many of the tablets which should not be overlooked by those who seek romantic incidents in Virginia's past. Such is the tablet "A-62," a short distance northeast of Staunton, where, on the hill to the north, stands Bellefont, the oldest occupied house in the entire valley. Built by John Lewis, the first settler in the Shenandoah Valley, in 1732, it was half dwelling and half fort and was known as "Lewis' Hog Pen."

A typical frontiersman and pioneer, ever feeling "crowded" if there was a settlement or a half dozen houses within a radius of fifty miles, constantly moving on to the frontier of civilization and hewing a new home from the wilderness, Lewis at an early age became noted as an Indian fighter and a woodsman. And although his name is scarcely known to the world, though never the hero of glamorous, romantic tales such as have made Boone and Crockett famous, yet in all the history of the Indian wars there are few if any more thrilling adventures or deeds of incredible courage and endurance than an episode in the life of John Lewis, who, when on a hunting trip, was surprised and captured by a war party of Indians.

With his arms pinioned behind his back, with shoes taken from his feet, and constantly prodded by the Indians' knives, Lewis was marched barefooted for over two hundred miles through the forest and over the mountains. Biding his time until the party was passing along the verge of a ravine, Lewis, with an almost superhuman exertion, burst the bonds about

ON THE SKYLINE DRIVE

Shenandoah National Park

(*Courtesy of Norfolk & Western Ry.*)

STONEY MAN MT.

Skyline Drive on right

his wrists and, leaping over the precipitous bank, plunged into the rushing mountain torrent twenty feet below. For an instant his captors hesitated to follow, and Lewis, struggling in the rock-filled, tumbling waters, gained several hundred yards and reached the farther shore.

Almost spent, he dashed for the shelter of the forest, leaped over a fallen tree and fell, utterly exhausted, among the thick growth of tall grass and rank weeds beside the log. An instant later, three of the Indians sprang upon the log, glanced about for signs of their escaped prisoner, and actually leaped over the prostrate Lewis without seeing him.

Waiting until he felt certain the savages were well out of the way, Lewis was about to rise when he froze with terror as the buzzing warning of a rattlesnake sounded close to his ear, and the whirring rattle brushed against his cheek! Scarcely daring to breathe, he remained motionless, expecting each second to feel the deadly fangs enter his flesh. Then, to his horror, he saw the huge serpent move slowly past his staring eyes. Half coiling it drew back its head as if to strike, hesitated, and then, to the man's unutterable relief, crawled over his body and disappeared beneath the log.

Ten days later, almost exhausted, tattered, haggard and emaciated, Lewis staggered into the nearest settlement. Without means of kindling a fire, with no weapon with which to secure game, he had forced his way, foodless, through the forest for nearly two

hundred miles. And although he could have killed and eaten the rattlesnake, he had forborne injuring the reptile out of gratitude for having had his life so miraculously spared.

A mile north of Buchanan, an Indian attack took place in 1757, the war party sweeping down on the Renick settlement and killing five of the settlers and carrying nine others into captivity. The same year, a number of settlers were massacred near the Natural Bridge, the Indians vanishing into the west through Cartmill's Gap just north of Buchanan.

Most of the earlier Indian raids and massacres in western Virginia were perpetrated by the Shawnees, who strenuously, and quite naturally, resented the white men driving them from their ancestral homes, taking possession of their lands and destroying the game upon which the tribes depended for existence. Later, the settlers came into conflict with the powerful Cherokee Confederation, and during the French and Indian Wars the Huron, Wyandott and other savage allies of the French left many a bloody trail along the frontier.

About two miles south of Fairfield and half a mile from the Red House Estate, which was the birthplace of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, the first surgeon to successfully perform abdominal operations, there is a tablet marking the graves of Captain John McDowell and seven of his men who were killed by Indians during a skirmish at Balcony Falls on Dec. 14, 1742—the first battle with Indians in the

Shenandoah Valley.

It was not far from here that General Sam Houston was born. Although Houston's name is ever associated with the southwest, where he won the freedom of Texas from Spanish dominion, yet he was a native son of Virginia, and the traveler through the Shenandoah Valley passes within a short distance of his birthplace. Beside the road near Fairfield is a tablet bearing the following inscription:

BIRTHPLACE OF SAM HOUSTON

In a cabin on the hilltop to the east, Sam Houston was born, March 2, 1793. As Commander-in-Chief of the Texas Army, he won the battle of San Jacinto which secured Texan independence, April 21, 1836. He was President of Texas, 1836–1838, 1841–1844. United States Senator, 1846–1859. Governor, 1860–1861. He died July 4, 1863.

At the end of the Shenandoah Valley, Staunton dozes in the sunshine, a serene, delightfully unhurried town, reminding one of an easy-going "Kentucky Colonel" lazily sipping mint juleps on a sun-dappled veranda while dreaming of the past and justifiably proud of the fame of his sons. And well may Staunton be proud of its sons. The town may not boast of imposing buildings, but it is the home of the famous Staunton Military Academy, and it still recalls the days when, from 1738 until 1770, it held full jurisdiction over "all Virginia west of the Blue

Ridge," a vast territory comprising what is now West Virginia, Kentucky, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin and a portion of Michigan. But mostly it is proud of having been the birthplace of Cyrus McCormick, the inventor of the reaping machine, the man who revolutionized the grain industry; who did more to open up the West than all others together; who, as one statesman declared, "pushed civilization westward thirty miles a year"; and whose machines perform the labor of twelve million men.

As a matter of fact, McCormick was not strictly a Stauntonian and his epochal invention was not perfected in Staunton, but several miles farther south on the McCormick property between Greenville and Fairfield. But to Staunton falls the honor of claiming McCormick as one of its many famous sons. No doubt, while father Cyrus and his two sons were working away at their "contraption," the worthy people of Staunton and the neighborhood chuckled at such foolishness and passed many a joke at their expense, for the trite old saying that a man is never a prophet in his own land still holds true. And as year after year slipped by, and the "crazy thing" appeared to be as far from practical as ever, the neighbors probably ceased talking about it and forgot it. And then, one day, success came. The first McCormick reaper actually worked! Even the most pessimistic admitted it was a most amazing device, and even the most conservative agreed that it would do the work of many men in far less time. But few if

any dreamed of the complete revolution of the wheat industry and the enormous profits which would result from McCormick's invention.

Virginia, however, was no place in which to demonstrate what the reapers really could accomplish. There were no wide prairies like golden, billowy seas of grain stretching into the dim distance, and McCormick's machine had been designed for such vast grain fields. To prove their worth the machines had to be shipped into the then Far West, and to transport the cumbersome reapers from the foothills of the Blue Ridge to the Middle West was a terrific problem. But when seven machines had been built, McCormick and his sons tackled this problem with the same dogged determination they had shown in perfecting Cyrus' brain child. From the shop where they had been built, the reapers were shipped by wagons to Scottsville. There they were loaded on flat boats and sent down the James River to the sea, where they were transferred to a ship which carried them southward around Key West, across the Gulf of Mexico and so to New Orleans. Once more they were transhipped, and aboard a stern-wheel river steamer they were carried up the Mississippi to Cincinnati whence they were carted on wagons to their final destinations. The expense of this roundabout transportation was, of course, terrific. Yet so highly successful were these first crude reapers that they paid all their costs, the expenses of transportation and allowed a profit, within the first year.

Could Cyrus McCormick see a reaper of today he would be as much astonished as were his neighbors in Virginia when his first crude machine was tested out. Yet the latest of giant reaping machine is but an improved and enlarged edition of the McCormick reaper, embodying the same basic principles, the same type of mechanism, whether garnering the crops of Minnesota prairies, reaping the wheat of the Argentine pampas or mowing ponderously through the grain fields of the Russian steppes.

Apparently there is something in the air or the soil of Virginia that develops the inventive faculty in human minds, for many of our most famed inventors were Virginians by birth. Even Thomas Jefferson was an inventive genius, and not far from the spot where McCormick built the first reaping machine there lived a man named Gibbs whose name was destined to go down in history as the inventor of the Wilcox & Gibbs sewing machine.

But the greatest of all inventors who saw the light of day in Virginia is scarcely known in America, although he should be as far-famed as Edison, Walton, Pasteur or Fulton. This was Matthew Fontaine Maury, "The Pathfinder of the Seas." Born near Catherine Furnace, January 14, 1806, Maury entered the Navy when nineteen years of age and rose to the rank of Commodore. However, it was not his career as a naval officer that made his name familiar to seamen of every nation, but his ocean charts which became known to those who go down to the sea in

ships as "The Sailor's Bible." He was the first man to chart the ocean tides, currents and winds and establish ship lanes, and thereby was the savior of countless thousands of human lives and untold millions in cargoes. Appointed in charge of the Hydrographic Office in Washington, Commodore Maury established the Naval Observatory and the United States Weather Bureau. Decorated by nearly every European government, and honored by a monumental statue at the entrance to the Meteorological Station of the German Admiralty in Hamburg, yet his name and fame are almost unknown in his native land, and, as far as I can learn, the only monument to him is at Goshen Pass near Lexington. Yet much of his life was spent in Fredericksburg and his body lies in a grave at Richmond.

The famous men of our colonial period have been so surrounded with a halo of sanctity and have been so long the objects of hero worship that they seem almost mythological characters rather than men who actually lived and breathed, hated and loved, and possessed the same faults and failings as ourselves. And it is a relief to find that they were very human, that their entire lives were not austere and devoted wholly to the affairs of state and the cause of national liberty.

Here and there, as we delve into the past and learn of the lighter side of these patriots' lives, we find many an episode or anecdote which should add to rather than detract from our regard for these

founders of the Union. Because George Washington was in reality a hard-drinking, hard-fisted, slave-owning planter, fond of gambling for high stakes, he loses none of the virtues, the bravery, the patriotism, the honesty and the glory with which his name will forever be associated. Jefferson, the great statesman, the minister to France, the President of the United States appears a much more human and lovable character because of his brave attempt to win a fair maiden's heart and hand by playing a fiddle.

The name of Patrick Henry is ever associated with his famous "Liberty or Death" speech, and it is a bit difficult to picture this intensely patriotic and rather fiery orator running for his life and wearing but one boot. Yet the incident occurred in Staunton and proved that Patrick Henry preferred liberty to capture, even if it meant liberty at the expense of cutting a decidedly ludicrous appearance. The old Trinity Episcopal Church at Staunton was the meeting place of the Virginia Legislature during the Revolution and during one of the assemblies word was brought that the Tories were coming. Patrick Henry had removed one of his boots to ease his foot, and so hurriedly did he and the others vacate the church that he did not even stop to draw on his boot, but left it behind. History fails to relate what became of the famous Virginian's abandoned footgear, but perhaps the Tories carried it off as a souvenir.

## CHAPTER X

### THE BRIDGE OF GOD

For countless ages before a white man first gazed in awe and wonder at the famous Natural Bridge, the Indians had revered the titanic stone arch known to them as the Bridge of God. And according to traditions of the red men there was ample cause for their reverence and for the name bestowed upon the mighty bridge which spans the brawling creek and makes two mountains one. Many years ago, so runs the Indian legend, a party of Monacan tribesmen were hotly pursued by Shawnee warriors and, coming to the verge of a precipitous mountainside with a rushing torrent in the depths of the cañon, they saw all escape from their dreaded foes cut off. But they had sublime faith in the Great Spirit and "making medicine" they prayed that He might save them from annihilation. Then, as they peered about, Lo! spanning the gorge, was a great stone bridge! Timorously they approached the arch of limestone. Fearfully, and half believing it only a vision, one Indian stepped forth and traversed the span. The miracle was real! The Great Spirit had answered their prayers, and the elated warriors hurried across.

When, shortly afterward, the Shawnees ap-

proached, and, following the trail of the fugitives, they also strode forth upon the natural bridge, they were met by a shower of arrows from the hidden Monacans on the farther side. Some fell dead, others, wounded, reeled from the verge of the arch and fell to an awful death on the jagged rocks over two hundred feet below, and the survivors, realizing that it was courting death to attempt to traverse the narrow arch in the face of their foes, drew back and abandoned the chase.

Perchance it is but a legend, and of course we hard-headed, practical white men know that the Natural Bridge was the result of millions of years of erosion by water and was not created in a moment by God to save a handful of fleeing Indians.

Yet, on the other hand, the main features of the ancient tradition are in all probability true. No doubt a party of fugitive Monacans did reach the gorge and "make medicine" to their gods. And the chances are that, having thus besought the Great Spirit to save them, they gained confidence and, searching about, discovered the bridge which had escaped their eyes before. And as countless stone arrowheads have been found about the Natural Bridge, it is obvious that an Indian battle did take place there in the dim and distant past. So even if the stone arch was not formed for the especial benefit of the hard-pressed Indians, there was every reason for them to revere it, and assuredly the Bridge of God is a far better and more fitting name for this

masterpiece of Nature than that by which it has been known to white men for over two centuries.

No one can positively say who was the first white man to gaze upon the Natural Bridge. It was mentioned by Burnaby, the English traveler, in 1759; and doubtless hunters and trappers, frontiersmen and explorers had seen it before that time. But it first came into real prominence when, in 1774, King George III of England granted the Bridge, together with 157 acres of land about it, to Thomas Jefferson who paid the Crown the sum of twenty shillings for the property. In 1802 Jefferson surveyed and mapped the locality and the following year he built a log cabin near by, with one room reserved for visitors, and with a book for the "sentiments" of those who journeyed to see the wonder, the cabin and book being left in charge of Patrick Henry and his wife, not the immortal Patrick Henry, however, but a negro slave. Even earlier than that, George Washington had visited the Natural Bridge and not only left his initials and a surveyor's cross cut into a stone under the northeast side of the Bridge, but, like any schoolboy, he climbed for thirty feet up the side of the Bridge and cut G. W. into the limestone rock where the letters still remain, indicated by a painted arrow, for all to see.

There is a common and widespread belief that Thomas Jefferson bequeathed the Natural Bridge to the State of Virginia to be preserved as a public monument in perpetuity. But such, in reality, is not

the case. Public spirited and patriotic as he was, Jefferson, instead of transferring the famous bridge to his native state, sold it to private individuals. Since then the Bridge of God has changed hands many times, the various owners being as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Thomas Jefferson | 1774 |
| Joseph Lackland | 1833 |
| Houston & Cole | 1838 |
| John B. Luster | 1841 |
| Jesse Wooten | 1843 |
| John W. Garrett | 1849 |
| Anderson & Hitchcock | 1862 |
| Michael Harman | 1863 |
| Asher Harman | 1875 |
| H. C. Parsons | 1881 |
| Natural Bridge Forest Co. | 1887 |
| Natural Bridge Co. | 1906 |
| Natural Bridge Co. of Virginia | 1926 |

The present owners have expended a fortune in exploiting and developing the Bridge and its attractions and, strangely enough and vastly to their credit, they have not ruined it. Naturally, the company has not done what it has for purely altruistic motives. The Natural Bridge is a profitable proposition, a potential gold mine, and, like all other business firms, the owners of the wonder are there to make money. But as they have enhanced rather than detracted from the attractions of the Bridge and its surroundings, and have provided every facility and comfort

for those who visit the famous spot, they should be regarded as public benefactors rather than as monopolists. A splendid hotel has been provided for the accommodation of visitors; at the entrance to the ravine leading to the Bridge there is an attractive restaurant, with waiting rooms and a curio and souvenir shop, and for those who find the footpath and the ninety odd steps leading to the Bridge too arduous there are motor busses in which one may ride from the entrance to within a few yards of the Bridge. There is, of course, an admission fee, but as this is only a dollar, and as a visit to the Bridge is well worth many dollars, no one can grumble over such a nominal charge.

It is a difficult matter to adequately describe this most famed and historic of Virginia's natural marvels; and, moreover, the impressions it creates in the minds of visitors who see it for the first time vary greatly. To many, the first view of the Bridge is disappointing, for although it is 212 feet in height from the bed of the brawling brook to the under side of the rock arch, and has a span of 90 feet, yet its surroundings, the mountainsides with their great forest trees, dwarf the Bridge itself, and it seems incredible that it spans the ravine more than two hundred feet in air. Everything is on a titanic scale. Upon the summit of the arch, where the Lee Highway crosses the span, apparent saplings are silhouetted against the sky, and not until one has become accustomed to the surroundings and has gained a sense of proportion

does one realize that the supposedly slender saplings are huge trees, and that the seemingly small second growth covering the precipitous slopes of the ravine is a heavy forest.

Beside the pathway beneath the cliffs are gigantic, ancient arborvitæ trees that thrust their young shoots upward from the crevices of the rocks more than one thousand years ago, and, comparing the size of these venerable tree patriarchs with the Bridge, one suddenly realizes its immensity. Yet it is not until one stands directly beneath the gigantic stone span and gazes upward at the magnificent curve of the water-worn arch and the towering walls that one can really grasp the full wonder and size of the opening which was cut, inch by inch, through millions of years, by the waters of a torrent that once, countless ages ago, filled the cañon to the brim, that, pent up by a rocky barrier or natural dam, at last burst through some tiny opening and, tearing, cutting, grinding at the rocky barrier, carved the Bridge of God as we see it today.

Impressive and remarkable as is the Bridge when viewed by the light of day, it is even more impressive and spectacular when seen at night with the multicolored beams from concealed electric lights illuminating the rocks, bringing the archway into sharp relief against the star-studded sky, and transforming the trees and foliage into a fairylike tracery against the blackness. It is at night, too, that the truly remarkable portrait of Jefferson is revealed, a likeness

of gigantic size produced by the walls and arch of the Bridge with outjutting stones and small trees forming the silhouette of the face.

Personally, I feel that it is a pity that the management has added a rather theatrical accompaniment to the nightly illumination. From concealed loudspeakers come the strains of music from an orchestra and the peals of an organ, while a booming voice quotes passages from Genesis describing the Creation of the World. To many persons, all this strikes a jarring note and is out of harmony with the sublime majesty and rugged beauty of the scene. So it impressed me, and I would much prefer the silence of the night broken only by the burbling of the flowing stream, the chirps of insects and the calls of night birds as accompaniments to the illumination of the Bridge. But no doubt there are as many who find the "pageant" and the music more interesting and spectacular than the Bridge itself, and the management has found that the "Creation of the World" feature adds to the public's interest and to the company's income.

There is much of romantic and historic interest to be seen here, aside from the Bridge itself. The Cascades on Cedar Creek (the stream which flows beneath the Bridge) are fascinatingly beautiful, and there is the Saltpeter Cave, where, during both the War of 1812 and the Civil War, quantities of this important ingredient of gunpowder were mined. Also, about here, there are a number of European

trees, noticeably white mulberry trees, which were introduced by Thomas Jefferson while he was United States Minister to France. But the most interesting and unusual object linking the Natural Bridge with the immortal statesman is the cement conduit which he had built. Over one hundred feet in length and only two and one half inches in diameter, this remarkable pipe line was constructed of four-foot lengths, the sections having been formed by plastering mortar or cement about a peeled sapling used as a mold.

Neither must we forget to mention the odd and interesting "Fairy Stones" or "Cross Stones" which, although not native to the vicinity, and occurring only in Patrick County, are on sale at the Natural Bridge curio shop. Here one may see the strange cross-shaped crystals embedded in slabs of the mother-rock or may purchase the stones mounted and polished. Dull-brown or reddish in color, every crystal is in the form of a perfect cross, as regular and symmetrical as though cut by hand. Nowhere in the world but in Virginia do these unique crystals occur, and there is a most romantic and beautiful legend connected with them, a fairy tale it is true, but a very pretty and appropriate one nevertheless, for the legend tells us that when the fairies heard of the Crucifixion of Jesus, they shed tears of sorrow, and their tears, falling upon the rocks, were instantly transformed to crosses of stone. And as no one can offer any better explanation as to the formation of

THE LEE MONUMENT, CHARLOTTESVILLE

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY NEAR STAUNTON

Birthplace of Cyrus McCormick on left. The first reapers were tested in these fields

(*Courtesy of Norfolk & Western Ry.*)

CHIMNEY ROCKS, SHENANDOAH VALLEY

THE NATURAL BRIDGE

the crystalline crosses or why they should occur only in one locality in Virginia, why not believe the fascinating legend and let it go at that?

Although the Shenandoah Valley is supposed to end at Staunton, yet, to my mind at least, the scenery farther south and west is fully as attractive as in the famous valley itself. Neither is this section lacking in natural wonders nor in romantic and historic associations. Here, too, a short distance from Clinchport, is the Natural Tunnel, a worthy rival of the Natural Bridge and in some respects even more remarkable and impressive. Cut through the solid mountain by flowing water in ages past, the tunnel is 788 feet in length, with a width of 150 feet and a maximum height of 100 feet, and contains a reverse curve. The eastern entrance to the tunnel opens upon a great amphitheater enclosed by a perpendicular rock wall over 300 feet in height, which spreads out to right and left like a titanic fan. The rim of this craterlike precipice is over half a mile in circumference, the amphitheater itself being 500 feet from north to south and nearly 600 feet from east to west. Flowing through the tunnel is a good-sized stream, and beside it there are a motor road and a railway.

Long years ago the amazing Natural Tunnel was a rendezvous for Indians, and in many places one may still see their crude drawings and symbols inscribed upon the rocky walls.

Near here, at Big Stone Gap, dwelt John Fox, Jr., and here he wrote his book: "The Trail of the Lone-

some Pine"; while not far distant, at Tazewell, the world-famous song, "Ben Bolt," was written.

But to many persons the most interesting and unusual spot in southwestern Virginia is the town of Bristol, half in Virginia and half in Tennessee, with the boundary line running through the center of the main street. To be sure, Bristol is not unique in being partly in one state and partly in another. In fact there are cities located on the borderland of two different nations, with some of the inhabitants owing allegiance to one flag and some to another; but it is doubtful if anywhere else there is a city where the bisection of a boundary causes so many and such strange and amusing problems and difficulties as in Bristol.

Here, the white line painted in the middle of the street is not a traffic guide but the state boundary, and the instant a person crosses the line he finds himself amenable to the laws of another state and outside the jurisdiction of the one he has just left. If chased by a Virginia policeman or traffic officer one has only to cross the white line into Tennessee and snap his fingers at the representative of Virginian law and order, or vice versa. The story is told of a truck carrying Tennessee convicts having accidentally passed the boundary, whereupon a prisoner leaped from the rear onto Virginian soil where he laughed at the guard who ordered him to halt. As far as the Tennessee officers were concerned the escaped convict was safe, for they had no power to arrest him in

Virginia; neither could they shoot a man who stood on the soil of the neighboring state, and in order to secure their prisoner extradition was necessary.

The prohibition laws brought about some amusing incidents, for Virginia was wet and Tennessee was dry, and while the denizens of the Tennessee side of the town might secure liquid refreshment by crossing the street into wet Virginia they were liable to arrest when returning to their native state if they showed signs of having imbibed too freely. On one occasion, so the natives relate with gusto, a convivial fellow lay down to sleep off his liquor with his head in Tennessee and the rest of his person in Virginia. Coming upon the drunk, the Tennessee policeman was in a quandary. He could scarcely arrest the man's head without the accompanying torso and limbs, and they were unquestionably in the neighboring state. However, the copper was a resourceful chap, and it occurred to him that if he aroused the inebriate the latter might stagger over the boundary into the jurisdiction of Tennessee. But when he had slapped the fellow into semiconsciousness, the man rose unsteadily to his feet, reeled backward and collapsed on Virginian territory.

The half-and-half town also presents problems to motorists. Virginia registration fees are based on the weight of the car, with a maximum charge of thirty dollars; but in Tennessee any car may be registered for seven dollars and fifty cents. Moreover, filling stations on the Virginian side of the street sell

gasoline for three cents a gallon less than their competitors on the opposite side of the thoroughfare, owing to the difference in taxes. It is the same with other merchandise, the Virginian shops underselling those of Tennessee; and when a person can save two cents on every dollar by crossing a street, he is rarely patriotic enough to patronize home industries at the expense of his pocketbook. In fact, on the whole, the Virginian half of Bristol seems to have rather the best of it, for, although the 2600 inhabitants are almost equally divided between the two states, all are obliged to use the Virginian railway station and the Virginian hotels, for the 1300 citizens of Tennessee have neither a railway station nor a good hotel.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE HILL AND HOLLOW FOLK

TRAVELING through the Shenandoah Valley today one finds it hard indeed to realize that such a short time ago the opposing armies of the Blue and Gray were marching along the dusty roads, that the hills echoed to the roar and thunder of cannon, that troops of cavalry were charging across the devastated fields and that the fair and lovely valley was torn by shot and shell and bathed in the blood of thousands of the slain. And it is even more difficult to imagine the Shenandoah in the days when it was a wild untrodden wilderness, when herds of buffalo grazed in the grassy meadows, when lordly antlered elk dotted the hillsides, and the only human beings to gaze upon the valley's beauties were the moccasined Indian hunters.

Yet one has only to turn aside from the beaten track and follow little-traveled roads into the west to find oneself back in those early days, in so far as surroundings and wild life are concerned.

In the hazy blue mountains rising in mysterious tiers beyond the valley, there are spots as wild and little known as in the days when Lewis and Boone camped in the forests and Indians swept down by

secret trails to devastate the outlying settlements, slaughtering and burning, to return to their villages laden with booty, captives, and bloody scalps torn from the heads of their victims.

Here are still unbroken almost primeval forests, great purple-shadowed cañons, deep ravines and rich, green mountain valleys where flashing cataracts fall for a hundred feet or more adown the cliffs, and tumbling streams rush noisily on their way to the distant rivers. Here in the fastnesses of the Alleghenies bears, deer, wild turkeys and even an occasional puma may still be found.

Only at wide intervals apart do the motor highways traverse these mountains, and there are vast areas where human feet rarely tread, where no passing tourists leave a litter of waste paper, empty bottles and cartons to defile the countryside.

And it is here, in the remote fastnesses of the ranges forming Virginia's western boundary, that the strange people, the "Hill and Hollow Folk," have their homes.

Just who they are, or rather who their ancestors were, is rather uncertain. Although the more recent histories of some of the communities—as Colvin Hollow for example, are fairly well known, Colvin Hollow having been named for Bluford Colvin, a veteran of the War of 1812, yet the true Hollow Folk were there long before Colvin wandered into the hills and settled down among the Jarvis clan whose ancestry was lost in the dim forgotten history

of the past.

Various theories have been advanced to explain the presence of white people, living even more primitive lives than the Indians, in the remote mountain valleys. Some have suggested that they may be the descendants of the "lost" colonists of Roanoke Island. Others have claimed they are descended from early settlers who, cut off from all communication with their neighbors by Indians and natural barriers, have remained dwelling in the hollows of the mountains for centuries. But there is little real evidence to support any of these suppositions, although it is well established that the Hollow Folk are of Scotch-Irish blood, for their names, their folk lore, their ancient ballads, as well as their speech and many of their superstitions, prove the nationality of their forbears.

Whatever the truth of their origin may be, their environment, their isolation and generations of intermarriage have all combined to produce a most interesting and remarkable community, whether viewed from the sociological, economic or anthropological standpoint.

While the world of progress and civilization has gone marching on, the Hollow Folk have stood still, completely out of the world though a part of it, and as far removed from modern life as though thousands of miles of impenetrable jungles separated them from the nearest outpost of civilization, although but a few miles from good-sized towns and

the railway.

And although the network of roads which have been constructed, the ever increasing throngs of motorists and tourists which invade Virginia, the erection of hotels and the proximity of modernities and towns, have all played their parts in greatly altering the conditions of the nearer communities of Hollow Folk within the past few years—several of their settlements being within the borders of the Shenandoah National Park—yet those in the more remote hollows exist in the same manner as for a century or more past.

At the very lowest level of social development, these descendants of the sturdy, adventurous Scotch-Irish pioneers are totally lacking in ambition, morals, religion, education or any of the finer things of life. Practically none can read or write. They possess neither poultry nor cows, although a few have an occasional razor-backed hog or a sorry, scraggy horse. In fact the statement made by John Josselyn, the quaintly humorous chronicler of Maine, who, referring to the Indians; observed that "the only tame cattles they possess are dogs and lice," might even more truly be applied to these Hollow Folk. They raise no crops other than maize and cabbages, and every one—men, women and the children, even tiny toddlers two or three years of age—constantly chews tobacco.

The importance of their "chaw" to the Hollow Folk is paramount to almost everything else. A short

time ago, when a school was established in one of the more accessible hollows, the teacher insisted that the children hand over their quids, which were placed in a box and were returned to the youngsters at the close of the day's session. The result might have been foreseen. There was no means of identifying the wads of masticated tobacco, and there was an infantile riot and a free-for-all fight as each child strove to get possession of the largest quid. The teacher solved the problem by thereafter wrapping each child's "chaw" in paper with the owner's name upon it, and parking the packages in a drawer during school hours. But the youngsters insisted upon having their tobacco at recess, and not infrequently some child would refuse to study or recite unless permitted to chew.

Money among these people is almost unknown. There is never any surplus of crops; nothing is raised which may be sold; and, although the more ambitious and energetic members of the communities occasionally bring berries, skins or game to the nearer settlements or hotels, they prefer to swap such commodities for plug tobacco, gunpowder, calico or cast-off garments and shoes, rather than to sell for cash —which is not so surprising when one stops to consider that "hard money" is about the most useless commodity in a community where there is nothing purchasable.

Although they lead a miserable hand-to-mouth existence with no thought of where the next meal is

coming from, yet they rarely suffer from real hunger. During the winter they practically hibernate, remaining almost constantly within doors and subsisting upon cabbages and dried maize, a few dried apples and nuts. During the summer wild fruits and berries, fish and small game eke out the larder, and in the autumn chestnuts and walnuts form a goodly portion of the Hollow Folks' fare.

Although existence, such as it is, is easy, yet the people are all much undernourished and most of them are afflicted with hookworm. As a general rule they are too lacking in energy, ambition or initiative even to make "moonshine," although here and there they have primitive stills where raw "co'n likker" is manufactured for local consumption.

Clothing troubles them little. Although shoes are almost a necessity for the men, owing to the rocky hillsides and the abundance of rattlesnakes, yet rarely do they buy or trade footgear, but are content with broken down, worn out shoes and boots discarded by their more prosperous neighbors. Most of the women and practically all the children go barefoot, both in summer and winter; stockings are unknown; underclothes are never used, and the best suits of the men consist of cheap drill overalls, while a single calico garment suffices for the women. Quite often the women may be seen dressed in burlap sacking, and sacks are the common material for the children's garments. And, once their clothes are donned, they are never removed or changed until they fall

apart with age and wear.

Cleanliness of course is a word that is nonexistent in the vocabulary of these people. From birth until death they never bathe; they appear to have an inherent fear or dread of water, and even to wash one's face or hands is considered "soft" and putting on airs.

Their homes, if homes they can be called, are log or slab cabins chinked with clay, and average about fifteen or twenty feet square. There are no partitions, the interior consisting of a single room with a floor of earth or loosely laid rough planks. At one end is an open fireplace, and sometimes there is a broken down or homemade cookstove as well. The furnishings consist of one or two roughly made stools or possibly a crude chair, a rough slab table and a bed. The latter has neither springs nor mattress, but consists merely of rough boards laid across a wooden frame and covered with a burlap bag filled with corn husks. Father and mother, the grandparents if there are such, and as many of the children as can be crowded in, all sleep in the one bed. The surplus members of the brood nest on dried corn husks in a loft at one end of the house, along with cabbages, corn and other provisions which may be on hand.

Through generations these Hollow Folk have intermarried, or rather interbred, until all members of each community are now blood relations. Owing to the complications and difficulties of keeping track of relationships under such conditions, and the pau-

city of family names, the children are always identified by their mother's Christian names, as "Jenny's Sammy," "Nancy's Mary," "Sara's Emily," etc.

No doubt the practices of intermarrying and of incest, which have so long prevailed among these people, have had a great deal to do with their present condition. But the intermarriage of blood relations does not always result in mental, moral and physical degeneracy as is so commonly believed.

In Panama there are a number of isolated communities, sometimes with four or five hundred inhabitants, yet consisting of only one or two families, who have been intermarrying for nearly four centuries. Yet these people of Spanish ancestry are splendid physical specimens, energetic, clean, moral, healthy and highly intelligent. Very rarely is there a cripple, a deformity or a feeble-minded individual among them, and very seldom is there a man or a woman who cannot read and write or who does not possess a working knowledge of simple arithmetic.

Very largely, the results of intermarriage depend upon the quality of the original stock. The ancestors of these Panama communities were the highest type of "blue blooded" Spanish aristocrats—wealthy, titled owners of vast estates. Cut off and isolated from their fellow countrymen, owing to wars and Indians, these men, with their Moorish and Spanish servants and retainers, formed little self-contained colonies.

For a time, of course, there was quite a variety of

blood; but after a century or two, all members of the communities were closely related. But the superiority of aristocratic blood told; pride of race and name was preserved; there was no loss of intelligence or of stamina, no physical degeneration, no inheritance of disease or mental deficiency.

The same proved true in the case of isolated communities only a comparatively short distance from the Hollow Folk. Farther south in the Virginia Mountains there are small colonies of "Hill Folk" whose ancestors were unquestionably Scotch-Irish, who have been isolated and cut off from the rest of the world for generations, who have faced the same problems, the same difficulties and have intermarried as much as have the Hollow Folk, yet who have not degenerated in the same way.

To be sure, they live as primitively as their neighbors of the hollows; they are as poor in worldly goods, but they retain a real pride in their family names and in their purity of white blood; they are God-fearing, religious—if anything a bit fanatical; they are energetic and willing to work, and many of them now possess antique motor cars and wear "store clothes." Also, most of the younger members can read and write, they are avid for education and will hike miles over fearful country in order to attend a school, and they fully realize their shortcomings and are eager to better themselves, for these people are descendants of men and women of superior stock, and blood will always tell.

The Hollow Folk are of quite a different breed. Whoever their first ancestors may have been, they were unquestionably the most spineless, slothful, easy-going, come-day-go-day-God-save-Sunday representatives of the adventurous emigrants who trekked westward into the mountains seeking new homes in Ohio and the prairie lands beyond the Alleghenies.

The strong, energetic, ambitious pioneers went on; but the weaklings, the most easily satisfied and most easily discouraged, squatted at the foothills, content to eke out a mere existence on the limited arable land. Then, as the families increased and the lands became overcrowded, the younger members of the communities sought the sheltered hollows and valleys of the mountains. Here the land was fairly fertile, although restricted in area; and as one hollow became overpopulated the surplus individuals moved to another valley and started a new community. And with their heritage of spineless slothfulness and lack of initiative as a handicap to start with, with no incentive to improve or better themselves, combined with the fact that they were remote, completely isolated in a mountain wilderness, they naturally degenerated as they interbred more and more.

It was impossible for them to expand either economically or socially. Their longest migrations were from one hollow to another, for although they are but a few miles, as the crow flies, from prosperous towns and settlements, yet the journey through the mountains is a tremendous undertaking for a man

or woman afoot—a journey which, over a good road, would be only a few hours' ride by motor car, but which to the Hollow Folk is a matter of days.

In the more distant communities there are no schools, no churches, no doctors, no laws. Until about thirty years ago these people were absolute pagans with no traces of any fixed religious beliefs or observances. Then an aged missionary of the Plymouth Brethren sect appeared. He had walked along the mountain chain from far distant Canada, his only equipment and possessions a bundle of tracts, and for some reason his new religion and his exhortations fell upon fertile ground when he reached the isolated Hollow Folk. A number of the people "got religion" and several of the men felt the "call" to preach.

For a time the communities of the hollows were "took" with a religious fervor, revival meetings were held, and the self-appointed ministers went from place to place converting the people. But the fervor soon died out. The "preachers" lost interest as well as converts, and today only in the hollows nearest civilization is any form of religion evident.

Callous and lacking in all that we consider human attributes of sympathy, pity or love, wholly without sentiment of any kind, these people regard death as of no particular importance. If a man or a woman dies, the others shrug and observe it was his or her "time," and they firmly believe that a person's hour of death is determined at his or her birth. It is nothing at all unusual to overhear a conversation some-

what as follows:

"Hear Ma'viny's Elsa's daid."

"Aye, be a-buryin' she this day."

"Been ailin' considable, ain't she?"

"Aye, hern time's come."

There appears to be little if any conception of family ties or relationship, and there is no fellowship or companionship between the fathers and their children. The babies are born in the living room in the presence of the other children and the adults, and with neither a doctor nor a midwife in attendance. The fathers take no interest in the new arrival, but consider it all a woman's affair and a nuisance.

"Goddam, how cain a man sleep a-beddin' with a woman an' hern yowlin' an' a-screechin'?" demanded one man when questioned on the subject. And should a man show the least attention or sympathy for his wife during her hours of travail, or at any time, he is scoffed at as soft-hearted and abnormal. To be sure, the women do not require much sympathy or attention. They wash and dress their own new-born children, and in a day or two at most are up and about their daily work as usual. Yet the infantile mortality is not high, it is rare indeed for an infant to die at birth, still-born children are next to unknown, and it is very seldom that a mother suffers any ill effects from a birth despite the fact that neither antiseptics nor disinfectants are used and that sanitation is unknown.

Even funerals, which among most primitive and

degenerate people are important events, are of little consequence to these Hollow Folk. The body, enclosed in a rough box of unplaned, whip-sawed or hewed boards, is carried to the grave and buried without services, although at times some form of funeral service may be held later—often months or years after the death, if a clergyman or itinerant "preacher" happens by. But as a rule, once the corpse is disposed of, the incident is ended, as far as friends and relatives of the deceased are concerned; and it is not at all unusual for a man to marry or "take on" a new wife—often a sister of the departed spouse—as soon as her predecessor is under ground, while a widow often is accompanied to the grave of her late "man" by a new lord and master. Neither is it unusual for a body to remain unburied for four or five days or until the father, husband or nearest male relative has the inclination and the energy to make a coffin; but in that respect they are adamant—no body can be interred without a coffin, and sooner than violate the customs the dead may be kept without embalming or even disinfectants until decomposition is well advanced. Usually, too, a funeral is regarded as a sort of fiesta, to be celebrated by abstaining from all work—which is little enough at all times, and getting gloriously drunk on "white mule."

Yet these people have certain observances regarding their dead which are most rigorously followed. The bodies are invariably interred with their feet toward the east, and always two shovels are crossed

above the grave. There are no monuments erected, but it is customary to place a good-sized boulder at the head of the grave with a smaller stone at the foot, and sometimes the name of the deceased will be roughly scratched upon the headstone when some member of the community is present who can form letters. But as the stones from the older graves are frequently removed and placed at the newer mounds, all traces of the identity of the dead are soon lost. To the Hollow Folk, this is desirable rather than otherwise, for they believe that to speak or even think of the dead will encourage ghosts or "haunts"; and they shun the burial grounds on the stone-riddled hillsides and never go near except when it becomes necessary to inter another body.

Strangely enough, crimes are not common, despite the low moral and mental status of the people. To be sure, there is small cause for committing crimes, for there is nothing to steal, and there is far too much promiscuity to induce sex crimes. Quarrels, however, are frequent, and murder quite often results. But the killing of a human being in a moment of passion, or because of some real or fancied wrong, is not regarded as a serious offense, and on one occasion the murderer of a man not only helped to bury his victim at the scene of the crime, but actually supplied the boards with which to make his coffin.

These people are of course steeped in superstition. Their lives are regulated, if it is permissible to use the term in connection with such lives, by signs and

omens. Certain places are reputed to be haunted, and the beautiful one-hundred-foot cataract in Night Hollow, which an imaginative person can fancy assumes the form of a woman, is avoided by the people even in daylight and nothing could induce them to go near the waterfall at night.

Also, they claim that Oakton Mountain "blooms" once in every seven years. At some time during each seventh year, so they aver, the summit glows with brilliant golden-yellow light that brings the crags into sharp relief and sends lambent flames or streamers upward to the zenith. Many believe that the phenomenon indicates a vast gold lode in the mountains; others claim it is haunted; and still others are firmly convinced that it is a manifestation of a malignant devil who dwells in the mountain top. Very probably the hallucination or the belief in the mountain "blooming," as well as the Hollow Folks' fear of the Night Hollow cataract, dates back to Indian days and ancient legends of the tribesmen, for similar beliefs regarding certain mountains and waterfalls are prevalent among many Indian tribes.

The majority of these people's superstitions are, however, of unquestionable European origin, and many still prevail among the inhabitants of rural districts in Ireland, Scotland, England and in our own country. For that matter, even the most advanced, cultured and highly intelligent and intellectual people usually retain some of these immeasurably ancient superstitions and, even if they refuse to admit it, ac-

tually believe in many signs and omens. How many persons, for example, will willingly and deliberately walk under a ladder?

To be sure, there is some excuse for the belief that to do so may incur bad luck, for ladders are ever somewhat uncertain and unstable affairs and if, as is so often the case, they are being employed by painters, it is inviting disaster to walk beneath them. But there are no such valid reasons for the almost universal dread of breaking a mirror. If, as so many believe, the breaking of a piece of silvered glass will bring on seven years of bad luck, how unfortunate must be the men who are employed making mirrors and who break scores during the course of a single year!

Seeing the new moon over the wrong shoulder or through glass, hearing a dog howl at night, having a black cat cross the road before one—all these and many more ancient superstitions still persist in our most enlightened circles. And many a hard-headed business man could not be induced to sit at a table with thirteen present, to occupy a house or an office with the number thirteen, or to have an office on the thirteenth floor of a building. Some of our most modern and luxurious hotels and apartment houses and most up-to-date skyscraper office buildings have no floor numbered thirteen, but skip from twelve to fourteen. The utter foolishness and childishness of the superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number is thus demonstrated, for the thirteenth floor still

remains the thirteenth floor regardless of the number allotted it, yet so long as it does not show the fatal numerals every one is satisfied.

Considering all this, it is not at all surprising that the ignorant, illiterate, socially degenerate and primitive Hollow Folk should be so steeped in superstition. Probably no one but the members of the communities knows all of the beliefs, superstitions, the signs and omens, the auguries of good and bad luck existing among these strange people.

They believe that to hear a ringing or "bell" in one's ears is a certain warning of impending death. To accidentally burn sassafras wood in a fire means the death of some member of the household in the immediate future. If a woman is so careless or forgetful as to cut a piece of cloth on a Friday she is surely doomed to die before the next moon is out, while to look at a mirror at night is very bad luck, and it is also most unlucky to comb one's hair in the dark. No one would dream of marrying or "taking on" a woman, or doing anything of the least importance on a Saturday, for ill luck would assuredly follow.

To the Hollow Folk the worst harbinger of bad luck is a *gray* cat crossing a path before one. It is considered almost equally unfortunate to hear a cock crow during the nighttime or to have a wild bird fly into one's house. For two persons to part at a fence is most unlucky, and to see a person climbing through a window is certain to be followed by some

injury or illness. Also, to turn on one's tracks after starting on a journey is considered bad luck, while for two persons to wash their faces in the same water is most unlucky. But as it is very rare for even one person to wash, let alone two at the same time, I doubt if any member of the communities could be found who ever had tested out this superstition.

There are fully as many lucky signs, omens and occurrences which have an important part in the lives of these people. If a man or a woman sneezes on Sunday he or she will be certain to receive money on that day. But either the people never sneeze, or by some whim of Fate sneeze only on week days, for money is rarely received by the Hollow Folk on Sundays or any other days, and then in return for "co'n likker," game or skins, and not for a sneeze—which I should say is rather less than the proverbial "song."

To dream of lightning or of gold or silver is also considered a good omen while the ages-old belief that to find a pin with point toward one is lucky is prevalent.

Although not at all musical, and in this respect differing markedly from the "Hill Billys," yet the Hollow Folk have many songs or ballads which they sing or chant in a monotone to the accompaniment of clapping hands and stamping feet or at times a cheap harmonica or Jews' harp. Most of these songs are old-time ballads dating back to colonial days or earlier, among the favorites being "A Sailor's Life," "Barbara Allen," "Brother Green," "Pretty Polly,"

"Lovely Mary," "Fair Charming Bright," "Lord Thomas and Fair Ellen," and many another.

Very unusual and interesting are the various "cures" of these people and their beliefs in regard to illness, preventatives and medicines. Like nearly all primitive people, they combine a vast amount of superstition with their medical practices and beliefs. Some of these have probably been handed down from their ancestors and are of European origin, while others were undoubtedly Indian and were acquired by the original settlers from their red neighbors. Many of their most highly esteemed "cures" are unquestionably efficacious, for various herbs and simples are known to them and are universally used. Boneset and camomile, mandrake and ginseng, catnip and sassafras, wintergreen and mint, gold-seal and nightshade, jimson weed and kidneywort, belladonna and viburnum, as well as arnica, sarsaparilla, snakeroot and other widely used medicinal plants are employed by these people, as are salves and linaments of birch and balm of Gilead, balsam, bears' grease, witch hazel, boneset, wintergreen, etc.

Also, raw moonshine liquor is considered a sort of cure-all and is supposed to be the only known antidote for snake bite, a belief shared by many persons who should know better. And if the use of the "likker" fails to save the person bitten, the fact does not shake the faith in its efficiency in the least.

On one occasion a man over seventy years of age fell while attempting to kill a rattlesnake, and was

badly bitten in one cheek. Barely able to stagger to the nearest cabin, he gulped down a good portion of a pint bottle of "white mule" and dropped unconscious.

Lifting the old man's head, the occupants of the cabin pried open his jaws and poured the entire remaining contents of the flask down his throat. It is scarcely necessary to state that he never recovered his senses and died before morning. Did the others question the efficacy of the "cure"? Not at all. They merely shook their heads, and one observed: "Must'a spit most' ter'ble pizen, that rattler musta', fer to kill Lizzy's Johnny, an' he'n tooken a-plenty co'n fer't."

At times, too, the "cures" practiced by these people are really amusing. When, at one time, the hollows were afflicted with an epidemic of the mumps, which was a new disease to the people who had no traditional "cure" or "charm" for it, they evolved a novel form of treatment. This consisted of placing the person taken ill in bed, flat on his or her back, and by means of a rope attached to the patient's ankles and passed over a beam in the ceiling, elevating the sufferer's lower limbs to an almost perpendicular position. The idea of this remarkable procedure was to prevent the sickness from "goin' down on him," as they expressed it. And the people declared with all seriousness that in cases where the feet of the afflicted persons had not been hoisted up,

the disease *had* "gone down" and the victims had died.

Among those Hollow Folk tuberculosis is quite prevalent, as might be expected, although the percentage of fatal cases is not high, and quite frequently those who have the disease make complete recoveries. This is the more remarkable considering the weird and amazing treatment given for the malady. There is only one "cure" employed or recognized, and that is to swallow a live snail each night for a period of nine days. If the first nine snails fail to effect a cure the dose may be repeated several times.

The Hollow Folk do not claim that the snails possess any medicinal properties but believe that the molluscs serve a dual purpose. Primarily, so they claim, the presence of the snails in one's stomach, where they are supposed to remain alive for several days, is objectionable to the devil or evil spirit responsible for the disease, while slime exuded by the creatures is supposed to find its way to the patient's lungs and cure them.

When asked if it was not a difficult and nauseating feat to swallow live snails, the denizen of the hollow replied: "Naw, 'em jus' slip adown, easy as is. Mebbe a body'll heave up onct or twicet afore gettin' the hang of it."

Possibly live snails may have some curative properties in cases of tuberculosis, but more probably

they are a faith cure, pure and simple. Whatever the case may be, unless we discredit the statements of practically every member of the communities in the hollows, the tubercular persons who take the live snail treatment recover and throw off the disease; and, on the other hand, they quote numerous instances of persons who succumbed after refusing or failing to swallow live snails as prescribed.

"Better be eatin' of snails 'n be et by 'em," was the remark made by one resident of the hollows when referring to an unfortunate woman who had died of tuberculosis. It seemed she had rebelled at the diet of slimy molluscs, and had declared that she would die first. And now, as the commentator on her fate observed, "Hern bein' et by snails adown under."

To the Hollow Folk the moon and its phases are of the greatest importance, and much of their lives, their actions and their undertakings are regulated by the moon, as is the case with many persons far more intelligent and advanced than these people of the mountain valleys of Virginia. I have known well educated men and women who firmly believed that certain acts must be performed during certain phases of the moon, among others many white gardeners and farmers who would not dream of planting certain seeds or bulbs or pruning or trimming trees, bushes or vines except at the time of the full moon. And I once met a West Indian planter, who was a graduate of Oxford, who never would have his hair cut except on the full moon.

But the Hollow Folk carry this strange belief to even greater extremes, for they will take medicine only when the moon is full, and it is not unusual for them to allow an ill person to suffer or die rather than administer medicine until the moon has reached its full phase.

Although far from being inarticulate, and possessing a fairly large vocabulary, the Hollow Folk are most singularly lacking in superlatives or in words to express anything unusual, great or very numerous. Their favorite and almost universal expression for such matters is "considerable," or as they pronounce it "considable."

Asked if there was much game in the hills, the lanky, unshaven fellow who had been questioned replied that he reckoned there was "considable game here 'bout." Referring to a quarrel in which a man had been killed, another denizen of the hollows described the victim as "considable cut up." Still another opined that one hundred dollars, which to a resident of the hollows meant unlimited wealth, was "considable hard money." Rather curious to learn if it were possible to elicit a stronger adjective from these people I tried various questions. Before one cabin a perfect swarm of children were playing, with toddlers creeping in and out the door, while from invisible localities within the house came the yowls of infants. But in response to my comment on the number of her offspring, the tired-looking, slatternly mother of the brood merely drawled that she had

"considable brats."

I was informed that the tramp through the forest to the mountain summit was a "considable footin'." And when, at last, a bearded young giant, shifting his "chaw" and ejecting a stream of tobacco juice with deadly aim at a scurrying caterpillar, vouchsafed the opinion that the World War was "considable of a fight," I abandoned my linguistic investigations.

Taken all in all the Hollow Folk are "considable" strange people. But each year sees changes in their lives, habits and mental processes. Already a number of the Hollow Folk own ramshackle old cars. The era of prohibition brought a measure of prosperity to many members of the remote communities. It is no longer unusual for a doctor or a minister to be summoned to attend to the bodily or spiritual needs of denizens of the hollows, and ere long they will have succumbed to the ever-encroaching advance of civilization and progress and will have become no different from any other mountaineers of the Alleghenies—just plain everyday "poor whites" and no longer the primitive and peculiar Hollow Folk.

## CHAPTER XII

### THE GATEWAY TO THE SOUTHWEST

It was through these forested hills and smiling valleys that many a famed trapper, frontiersman and scout moved on moccasined feet in the old days. Clad in fringed buckskin and coonskin caps, with tomahawks and knives at belts, with bullet pouches and powder horns slung over shoulders, and carrying their long flintlock rifles, Daniel Boone, Sam Houston and many another followed the trails of bear or puma, deer or Indian, or hunted buffalo and elk. Doubtless that last statement will cause many a reader to raise eyebrows and mentally observe: "Buffalo and elk! What nonsense!"

But in the early days of Virginia both buffaloes and elks were abundant throughout Virginia, although long ago exterminated east of the Mississippi, and all that remains to remind one of their former presence in Virginia are local names such as Buffalo Gap, Elkton, etc. Like the Indians, the elks and buffaloes were slaughtered or driven into the unknown, unexplored west; and, following on their trails, ever far in advance of encroaching civilization, the buckskin-clad, picturesque hunters and frontiersmen moved toward the setting sun.

Everywhere in western Virginia are reminders of

these famous, almost legendary frontier heroes, most famed of whom was Daniel Boone. It was near Abingdon that Boone camped on his first trip into what now is Tennessee, and on Route 58, two miles from Gate City, is the "Wilderness Road" which Daniel Boone built in March, 1775. Leading through Big Moccasin Gap in the mountains into Kentucky, this road, which followed the old Indian trail, was for many years the main thoroughfare to the West. A little farther on, eight miles west of Rose Hill, is a tablet marking the spot where Boone's son, James, was surprised and killed by the Indians on October 10, 1773.

Although Daniel Boone has been immortalized in history and story, and his name and exploits—both factual and fictional—are known to practically every schoolboy, yet he was by no means the first frontiersman to blaze a trail through the forests and across the mountains of western Virginia, nor did his most daring deeds or his most thrilling adventures equal those of many other Virginian pioneers whose names are unknown to the outside world and whose adventures and feats have never been perpetuated by history or story.

Among these hardy, almost superhuman men, were Thomas Marlin and John Salling, the first explorers of the Shenandoah Valley, who set out from Winchester in 1726. Strange as it may seem, neither of these men was a woodsman, a frontiersman nor a professional hunter. On the contrary, Marlin was

a peddler and Salling was a weaver, yet they succeeded in penetrating the wild, untamed country and evaded hostile Indians until they reached the James River and crossed to the Roanoke at the point where Salem now stands. Here the two intrepid men were surprised by a party of Cherokee Indians, and Salling was taken prisoner while Marlin escaped.

The adventures of the erstwhile weaver read like the wildest fiction. He was taken into what is now Tennessee and, apparently deciding to make the best of his plight, he adopted the Indians' ways and lived like them. While hunting with Cherokee comrades in Kentucky he was captured by a raiding party of tribesmen from Illinois and was carried to their village at Kaskaskia where he was adopted as a son by one of the squaws. For over a year he dwelt among these Indians, and on one occasion journeyed with them down the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico. Two years later, his Indian captors traded him to some Spaniards who desired his services as an intrepeter, and for six years he remained a virtual slave of the Dons, until he was ransomed by the Governor of Canada and was free to return to Virginia.

Eventually he reached Williamsburg where he met John Lewis of Augusta and an Irish immigrant named John Mackay. Adventurous spirits both, the twain listened to Salling's tale and his enthusiastic descriptions of the virgin valley that he and Marlin had discovered beyond the Blue Ridge, and together

the three trekked into the west. But while Salling had been a captive of the Indians, all unaware that his erstwhile companion, Marlin, had escaped, the latter had reached the settlements in safety, and his glowing accounts of the new-found territory had induced settlers to journey westward. When Salling and his friends, Lewis and Mackay, reached the Shenandoah, great was their surprise to find log cabins and tilled fields within the fair valley. Mackay settled down near the present city of Staunton, John Lewis settled near by and built Bellefont, more commonly known as "Lewis' Hog Pen" (see Chapter VII) and Salling moved on to the forks of the James River. He was the first settler in that area; but, one by one, other restless souls hewed homes and farms from the wilderness in the vicinity, and by 1748 the Catawba Valley held many a farm and homestead and Big Lick, now known as Roanoke, came into existence.

The life of these pioneers was by no means a safe or an easy existence. They were trespassing on the territory of the Shawnees and the hunting grounds of the Cherokees, and again and again war parties raided and burned and massacred the white intruders. No doubt, the hostilities of the Indians was largely the result of injustices or outrages committed by the whites, for there were many instances where the savage warriors showed discrimination and spared certain settlers.

This was the case with the Bryan family who set-

tled in the Roanoke Valley in 1748. Unlike their neighbors—or rather fellow settlers, for there were no neighbors within many miles—the Bryans treated the Indians like fellow human beings rather than as wild beasts and became friendly with them. As a result, one of the lesser chiefs warned the family of an impending raid and the Bryans got safely away, descending the river in a canoe. Two years later, they returned to find their home burned. But as they approached the remains, a cat emerged from the ruins, and a lone rooster crowed a lusty welcome.

Despite popular ideas and widespread belief, Indians are as capable of gratitude as are white men, and the history of our Indian wars is filled with anecdotes of men and women spared and protected by hostile Indians as a result of friendship or gratitude for kindnesses or favors. Many such instances are recorded in the annals of Virginia. During the raid on the Catawba and Roanoke Valley settlements in October 1764, a party of painted Shawnee warriors approached the isolated farm of Peter Davison. Grim-faced and undaunted, Davison, with his wife beside him and the children cowering in the barred cabin, crouched with loaded and cocked rifle, determined to protect himself and family to the last. And then, just as he expected the savages to rush the cabin, one of the Indians stepped forward, unarmed and with right hand upraised in the peace sign. For a moment Davison hesitated, fearing treachery, but as the warrior drew nearer the settler,

peering from his barricaded window, recognized the Shawnee.

Two years earlier he had found an Indian, badly injured, with a leg broken by a falling rock, and had carried the man to his cabin where he had been tenderly cared for and nursed back to health and strength. And the half-naked, painted warrior approaching with upraised hand was the Indian whose life he had thus saved. Dropping his rifle and unbarring his door, Davison rushed out and greeted the Shawnee. He knew Indians and felt that he and his family were safe. And his confidence in the Indian's gratitude was not misplaced. Though many a bloody scalp hung at the warriors' belts, and the smoke from burning cabins rose above many a desolated farm in the valley, the Shawnees squatted about, smoking and chatting, even playing with the Davison children, and before departing assured the settler that his farm and family were safe from molestation and that all war parties would be notified that the Davisons were friends of the Indians and were to be spared.

But other settlers fared badly indeed in this raid of 1764, when fifty or more Shawnee and Wyandott tribesmen from Ohio swept through the valleys, wiping out entire settlements. Aside from the Davisons, every member of every family was killed or captured, and their cabins burned to the ground. Yet, had the Indian attack been delayed twenty-four hours the chances are that many of the settlers would

have escaped and the Indians would have been repulsed, for the trail of the warriors had been discovered by three hunters, Swope, Park and Pitman, who hurried to warn the settlers of the approaching Indians. But the trail divided, and in trying to follow it the three men were delayed and arrived too late to save their fellow white men. Immediately, however, a posse of twenty men led by Captain Paul set forth in chase of the Indians, and near the present site of Hinton (in West Virginia) they came upon the raiders' camp. Surprising the Indians, most of whom were asleep, the white men killed three of the warriors and wounded several others, one of whom leaped into the stream and drowned himself rather than submit to capture.

The other Indians fled, leaving their white captives behind. Seeing a woman whom he took to be a squaw seated by the fire, one of the posse rushed at her with upraised tomahawk. Exclaiming, "It's shameful to strike a woman even if a squaw!" Captain Paul threw himself between the enraged man and his intended victim and received a bad cut from the weapon in his own arm. At the Captain's words, the seated woman turned, and, to the astonishment of the two men, they saw that she was a white woman captive, a Mrs. Catherine Gunn who had lived in the family of Paul's father-in-law! Her husband and children had been killed, and, having nothing to live for, she had hidden her features and posed as a squaw in the hope of being killed by the white

avengers, but had been saved by Paul's timely intervention.

Among the prisoners who were not rescued were the two Brown boys and the Carpenter boy. Samuel Brown remained among the Indians for four years, returning to civilization in 1769, while his brother married an Indian girl and settled near the present town of Brownstown, Michigan, which was named after him. He served as a soldier in the War of 1812 and died in 1815.

It was during one of these Indian raids in the Roanoke Valley that William Carvin, a noted hunter and Indian fighter, was surprised by two warriors, and leaping from a cliff plunged into the falls of the stream now known as Carvin's Creek. He regained the land and succeeded in reaching the shelter of a gnarled apple tree. Unable to show head or arm in order to fire at the Indians, who were hidden within easy range with ready weapons, Carvin resorted to the old ruse of placing his cap on the ramrod of his gun and moving it cautiously from behind the tree trunk. As the Indians fired, Carvin shot one of them, and before they could reload, killed the other. The old tree was still standing as late as 1820, and many a man in the neighborhood carried a walking stick made from its wood.

But Indian raids, the ever present threat of death and destruction, the imminent peril in which they lived, could not deter the hardy, adventurous Virginians from moving southwestward and ever set-

tling on the frontier and in the rich valleys of the Catawba and the Roanoke. Little by little the towns sprang up and grew, the Indians were driven into the untamed lands beyond the Alleghenies, and peace and prosperity brooded over the farms and settlements.

And perhaps nowhere in all our land is there a community so peaceful and law-abiding as the people of the Catawba Valley. In the entire United States there is no community of equal size so free from crime. No peace officers, no police, no marshals or sheriffs are needed there, and only one felony has been committed since the county was organized. That was in 1881 when a young negro attempted to assault a white girl. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to eighteen years in prison.

Most appropriately may the valley be called The Gateway to the Southwest, for ages before the coming of the white men it was the chosen pathway of the Indians, and, following the old warriors' trail, the pioneers moved onward to cross the mountains and settle Kentucky, Tennessee and the great southwest.

The little village of Big Lick grew into an important trading post and when roads were built and stagecoaches rumbled and rocked along the so-called highways, the town became of greater and greater importance. Iron and zinc mines were developed, dairies established, sheep and cattle grazed by hundreds in the rich pastures, vineyards covered the

hillsides, and fields of golden grain and potatoes, of immense cabbages and other vegetables, and orchards of fruit trees covered the land where Indian war whoops had brought terror to the settlers in days past. And then came the railway; Big Lick became Roanoke, and a great busy city now stands where trappers and hunters foregathered and bartered furs and peltries for powder and ball, hunting knives and tobacco, and where grim-faced Indians traded trophies of the chase for beads, tomahawks and gewgaws.

Even the coming of the railway had its touch of romance. Little by little the Norfolk and Western had grown from its first ten miles of track into a far-reaching and important system. Its rails were being laid through the Shenandoah Valley, and there was keen speculation as to which town would be selected as the terminus of the railway. It was then that the people of Big Lick decided to take the bull by the horns, as the saying is, and settle the matter themselves. If the railway wouldn't come to Big Lick, then Big Lick would go to the railway. To secure the right of way the sum of ten thousand dollars was needed, but almost overnight the money was subscribed, and, carrying pledges of the sum and assurances of no obstacles arising, Charles W. Thomas mounted his horse and raced northward toward Lexington where the railway committee was in session. All through the night he rode without stopping to rest or to eat and reaching Arch Mills

delivered the documents to John C. Moomaw who "booted and spurred and ready to ride" was awaiting him. A few hours later, the papers were delivered to the committee, and as a result in 1852 the railway came to Big Lick and Big Lick became the City of Roanoke.

Even after the Indian wars were a thing of the past, there were troublous days in Virginia. Aside from the devastation caused by the Revolutionary War, there were the bands of marauding Tories, who were little less than highwaymen and bandits carrying on their depredations under the cloak of loyalty to the King; and short shrift was given them when they fell into the hands of the patriotic Virginians. At Brook Hall is a remarkable ebbing and flowing spring, and not many years ago, when the spring was gushing during a freshet, the skeleton of a man was washed up. The unexpected appearance of the whitened bones at once recalled an episode of Revolutionary days which had been all but forgotten. At that time a church stood near the spring, and on one Sunday morning, as the congregation were at worship, three Tories were seen passing along the road. Instantly prayers and hymns were forgotten, and minister and people rushed from the church in pursuit of the detested and hated Tories. About a mile up the road they were overtaken, and, with hands pinioned, the three were promptly hanged to the limb of a giant sycamore, and their bodies were interred at the spot. Then, after a lapse of a century

and a half, the skeleton of one of the hanged Tories was given up by the grave to remind the people of the hectic days of their forefathers.

In those days, Tories were regarded very much as we of today regard gangsters, gunmen or other public enemies, and were treated with far less consideration or rather, I might say, with far less fear, than we accord our thugs. They were considered quite outside the pale of the Law, to be hanged without benefit of trial, judge, jury or clergy, and it was the summary execution of Tories which gave us the terms "lynching" or "lynch law." Exasperated by the continual depredations and outrages of the Tory bands, Colonel Charles Lynch—the founder of Lynchburg—organized a company of volunteers to pursue and capture the miscreants. Some of the Tories were merely flogged, others were imprisoned, but a number were strung up to the nearest trees; and, as wayfarers passed the dangling bodies or met some whimpering, cowering rascal with his bare back in ribbons, they would mutter "Lynch law!" or "Lynched!"

Strange as it may seem, the "Lynch Law" was actually sanctioned as an "orderly and legal procedure" by the General Assembly in 1782. Moreover, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the decision has never been reversed and, if this is the case, then lynching is still an "orderly and legal procedure" in Virginia!

Oddly enough, although Lynchburg is one of the

largest dark tobacco markets of the world, yet no fields of tobacco are to be seen as one drives over the highways of the vicinity. On every side are acres of corn and potatoes, and one is puzzled to know where the thousands of tons of tobacco which are marketed in the town are grown.

The town itself, named after the Tory-chasing Colonel Lynch, has few romantic or historic interests, aside from a unique memorial in the form of a stairway leading from one street to another, a very useful sort of monument, for the town is built on a steep hillside with the roofs of one tier of buildings on a level with the ground floors of those on the next street above.

Speaking of curious monuments, perhaps the most unusual in Virginia is that at the Bremos, not far distant from Lynchburg. Here, in the early days of the nineteenth century, dwelt General J. Hartwell, a prominent citizen and a most ardent advocate of prohibition. The worthy General must have had a hard time of it striving to induce the hard-drinking, wine-loving planters with their "co'n likker" and mint juleps to forego the cup that cheers and satisfy their thirsts with spring water. But he was a determined fellow and, in order that his good work and his "dry" campaign should not be forgotten when he had passed to the Great Beyond, he erected a memorial to himself and his cause in the form of an immense iron pitcher which constantly poured forth water piped to it from a neighboring spring.

## CHAPTER XIII

### HISTORIC CHARLOTTESVILLE

With the exception of George Washington, the most famous of Virginia's many famous sons is Thomas Jefferson, and visitors to the state feel that they have not really "seen" Virginia until they have journeyed to Monticello, the dignified, palatial residence of this great statesman who devoted thirty-five years to the building of his home.

Every school child knows of Jefferson's attainments as a statesman and as President of the United States, but comparatively few have knowledge of the other phases of this famous Virginian, or are aware that he was not only a brilliant orator, a great diplomat, and a statesman, but was also an inventor of note. The mold-board plow was one of Jefferson's inventions, as was the self-closing carriage top, the revolving swivel chair now used in every office, the polygraph pencil and the well-known folding camp-stool-cane. He was also the inventor of the first clocks with concealed weights, the folding step-ladder, the dumb-waiter and the folding or sliding doors, both of which close when either is closed. It was said of Jefferson that he excelled in all things other than playing the violin, but as he was the type

of man who thoroughly believed that no one knows what one can do until one has tried, he once attempted to coax a tune from the instrument, when Mistress Martha Skelton, who was very fond of music, and whom he was courting, laughingly announced at a party that she would marry the suitor who proved himself the best fiddler.

Naturally Jefferson could not show the white feather by refusing to enter the unique contest for the young lady's heart and hand as the prize. And although his first and only effort to prove himself a musician was a dismal failure, it won him his wife, for at conclusion of the performance Miss Martha announced that she had changed her mind and that, as she still loved Thomas despite his atrocious playing, she felt sure he was the one she loved the best. She was obviously a game little woman despite her somewhat fickle manner of choosing a husband, for the newly-weds made the trip to Monticello in the face of a howling blizzard, arriving at Jefferson's home at two o'clock in the morning. The servants, not expecting their master and new mistress to arrive in such weather and at such an unearthly hour, had retired; the newly married couple found their house locked and barred against them, and they were forced to spend their bridal night, or the few hours that remained, in a one-room brick office which Jefferson had occupied while the house was being built.

Men were men in Jefferson's day—hard drinking, hard riding, hard fighting and gay blades—and

Jefferson was no exception to the rule. He was very fond of dancing, and in a letter written in 1784 to his chum, John Page (afterward Governor of Virginia) he stated that he had "last night been as merry as agreeable company and dancing with Belinda in the Apollo" could make him. Belinda, whose real name was Rebecca Burnwell, was a fickle young lady, however, and in the same Apollo Room of the old Raleigh Tavern where she had danced with Thomas she broke their engagement.

Although Monticello cost Thomas Jefferson a fortune, his father, Peter Jefferson, purchased his two hundred acres of land for even less than the naked Indians received for their transfer of Manhattan to the Dutch, for among the old records of Goochland County there is a paper recording the fact that William Randolph of Tuckahoe sold to Peter Jefferson two hundred acres of land "for Henry Wetherburn's biggest bowl of arrack punch"!

Oddly enough Tuckahoe was established as the result of a law which required that for every five hundred acres there must be "one Christian man, perfect of limb, provided with a well fixed musquette or fuzee, a good pistoll, sharp simeter and tomahawk" to live upon the land. In this particular case Thomas Randolph was the "Christian man of perfect limb" who dwelt upon the land, and in 1689 he built the first house in Tuckahoe.

It was here at Tuckahoe that Thomas Jefferson attended school, and the building in which he learned

the "three R's" still stands, reputedly a haunted house, the southeast chamber being frequented by the wraith of a murdered peddler, while the ghost of a deserted bride glides back and forth along the east walk, wringing her hands and with long hair flowing in a ghostly breeze.

Jefferson's name, however, will ever be associated with beautiful Monticello, and opposite the fine old mansion, on the wall of the Red Land Club, is a tablet commemorating one of the most thrilling and romantic events of Jefferson's career. It was here, in the old Swan Tavern, that Jack Jouett dispensed good cheer and hospitality to wayfarers and the local gentry. Mine host Jouett was no ordinary tavern keeper, however, for, as events proved, he was made of heroic stuff and by a mad ride that far outdid that epic ride of Paul Revere he saved Jefferson, who was then the Governor, and the entire Virginia Assembly from capture by the British.

Lord Cornwallis had secretly sent Colonel Tarleton to Charlottesville with orders to break up the Assembly, seize the leaders and capture Jefferson who was to be manacled and sent to England to be placed on trial for high treason. The British felt certain of success, for their plans had been kept a profound secret, and with one hundred and eighty dragoons and seventy mounted infantrymen at his back Tarleton approached Charlottesville. But not infrequently some most inconsequential incident or some most unimportant or obscure person will upset

the most carefully laid plans of nations and of monarchs. And so it happened in this case.

On that particular June evening in 1781, honest and patriotic John Jouett of the Swan Tavern had taken it into his head to visit a fellow publican who kept the Cuckoo Tavern fifty miles from Charlottesville. And as he gossiped and drank with his friend, his ears caught the sound of many hoof beats outside the tavern. It was seldom indeed that more than one horseman passed at that hour, and, wondering what was afoot, Jouett rose and peered into the night. To his amazement he saw the dim figures of a large troop of British cavalry moving along the highway toward Charlottesville. For an instant he was puzzled. What, he wondered, were a couple of hundred or more redcoats doing there? Some deviltry was afoot—or a-horseback—he felt convinced. Being a quick-witted fellow he remembered that the Assembly was in session and instantly put two and two together to make a very threatening four.

Obviously Jouett was as quick to act as to think. Without so much as a word of farewell to his dumbfounded host, he dashed for the stables, mounted his horse, and, urging the beast to its utmost, raced for Monticello. To follow the road and attempt to pass the British troopers was impossible, but he knew of a short cut through the woods, and without hesitation galloped along the old unfrequented trail. Overhanging branches and vines cut and tore at him. His garments were in tatters, his face was bleeding

from a score of wounds which left scars which he bore for the rest of his life, yet he raced on heedless of pain and danger. Just as the pale gray light of dawn spread over the land, Jouett reached the ford at Melton. Racing to Monticello he warned Jefferson of the British and the impending peril, and continued on his mad ride to warn the members of the Assembly at Charlottesville. Then off he galloped to carry the news to Staunton. Jouett had arrived at Monticello in the nick of time, for within ten minutes after Jefferson had left his home, Tarleton and his troops arrived. But their birds had flown and the expected coup ended in a fizzle.

Jouett's famous and magnificent ride to save Jefferson and the Assembly was the more remarkable considering the fact that he stood six feet three and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. He was noted as a reckless dare-devil, however, and his magnificent feat was an adventure exactly to his liking. Before his ride, Jouett had been a strikingly handsome man, but the terrible punishment he received from brambles and branches on his dash through the forest completely altered his face.

As an expression of gratitude for the signal service he had rendered, the Virginia Assembly presented him with a magnificent gold-hilted sword which he carried while serving in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War. Then, at the conclusion of hostilities, he returned to his tavern, hung his presentation sword on the wall, exchanged his regimental

uniform for jacket and apron, and once more became the genial host of the "Swan."

Perhaps there is no greater monument to Jefferson than the University of Virginia which he founded, and which is the pride of Charlottesville as well as of the state. Not only did Jefferson found this famous college, but he actually designed the original buildings. The first Board of Governors consisted of Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, and here studied many an illustrious and famous man. Space forbids even a partial list of the internationally known statesmen, lawyers, doctors, historians, authors and others who have graduated from this university; but Poe and Wilson both were students here, while among the famous alumni of the medical department were Henry Rose Carter, the father of modern quarantine; Walter Reed, the country's greatest conqueror of disease; and John Anderson, the discoverer of the cause of typhus fever.

It was Jefferson, also, who employed the French sculptor, Houdon, to come from Paris and make the statue of George Washington which stands in the State Capitol at Richmond. And thereby hangs an amusing incident which pleased Jefferson immensely. For some time Houdon lived at Mt. Vernon, studying the immortal Washington, watching his attitude, his poses and his movements in an endeavor to select the pose which best would convey the dignity, the strength, the forceful character and the distinguished bearing of the Father of his Coun-

MONTICELLO, CHARLOTTESVILLE

House of Thomas Jefferson

(*Courtesy Garrett & Massie*)

GARDEN, MONTPELIER

Home of President James Madison

try. But without success. Then, when the sculptor was almost in despair, a span of horses were brought to Mt. Vernon and were offered for sale to Washington. Looking them over approvingly, Washington inquired their price. "One thousand dollars," he was told. Instantly, indignant and angry at the amount demanded, Washington drew himself up and glared at the owner of the horses.

*"Voilà!"* exclaimed Houdon. "That is what I have searched for! Ah, now at last I have the pose I desired!"

Thereupon he at once set to work to immortalize the posture and mien of Washington indignant at the price demanded for a span of horses!

Countless thousands of Americans visit Jefferson's last resting place, yet how many know that the remains of a boyhood friend lie in the grave by his side? When scarcely more than children, the two made a boyish pact agreeing that they were to be buried together, each promising that the last to die was to see that the pledge was fulfilled. The other died when but seventeen, and when Jefferson selected his own burial place he had his boyhood friend's body disinterred and reburied where he himself would be laid at rest.

This one incident alone would serve to demonstrate the character of Jefferson, a man beloved and respected, and one of the most illustrious of Virginians.

It seems quite fitting that Ashlawn, the palatial

home of James Monroe, should be almost within a stone's throw of Monticello, for the lives of Jefferson and Monroe were very closely linked. It was Jefferson who sent his secretary, Merriwether Lewis —a native of Charlottesville—and William Clark to explore the Louisiana Territory and the Far West, and as a result of the expedition Monroe consummated the Louisiana Purchase which added Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, Oregon and Washington to the Union. It was Monroe, too, who negotiated the purchase of Florida from Spain.

Ashlawn, where Monroe resided for twenty-six years, is a lordly, dignified colonial home with formal gardens containing boxwood hedges eleven feet in height and deemed the finest in America, the trees being valued at a quarter of a million dollars, and with many historic trees, among them the first Norwegian pine planted in America and brought to Ashlawn by Monroe himself.

To many, the gardens of the old Virginian homes are far more interesting and attractive than the dwellings themselves, and are well worth going far to see. Perhaps no other community in our country is so universally garden-minded as the Virginians, which may be because the entire state is a natural garden, where the air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle and roses, and the countryside has a trim, well kept, neat and orderly appearance, re-

minding one of rural England.

But to see Virginian gardens in their full glory one should visit the state during "Garden Week" held the latter part of April each year. To be sure, the gorgeous array of summer flowers, the hollyhocks and peonies, the delphiniums and lupines, the dianthus and digitalis and the hundreds of other delightful old-fashioned favorites, with an endless variety of new and even more luxuriantly colorful blooms, are not in evidence during Virginia's Garden Week. But the early flowers—the tulips and irises, the jonquils and narcissi with other flowering bulbs, as well as the earlier blooming plants—pansies and violets, candytuft and phlox and others—form a galaxy of color. Yet perhaps the most attractive features of the gardens—especially the old, famous, colonial gardens and the splendid gardens of private homes and estates, which are opened to the public during Garden Week, are the velvety lawns, the aged, meticulously trimmed box hedges and the lordly old trees, many of which were venerable giants when Captain John Smith and his colonists stepped ashore at Jamestown.

## CHAPTER XIV

### VIRGINIA'S HISTORIC CAPITAL

COULD Captain West rise from his grave today he would rub his eyes and stare in dumbfounded amazement at the great fair city that covers the "severall acres" which he bought from the Indians for "somme olde copper" back in 1610.

No doubt, three centuries and more ago, when the doughty Captain, clad in jerkin, jack boots and steel corselet, and carrying a clumsy heavy fusee, went a-hunting through the forests by the James River, he was attracted by the fertility of the soil and foresaw possibilities of profitable crops of maize and tobacco, and so dickered with the simple Indians and secured the "severall acres" for even less than the proverbial song. As a bargain, it was far better than the Dutch secured when they bought Manhattan Island for the legendary keg of rum, although, even at that, the wily redskins probably felt that they had "done" the white man "in the eye" as our British cousins say, by selling him a small section of their ancestral lands for such a valuable commodity as copper. But it is safe to say that neither Captain West nor the Chickahominy or Pamunkey tribesmen—whichever they may have been—

dreamed that a great city would one day stand upon the transferred land, and that the capital of the Old Dominion would supplant the woods and groves, that traffic-congested concrete streets would take the place of Indian trails, that motor cars would speed along boulevards where herds of buffaloes had grazed, and that nursemaids would gather and gossip while their infantile charges played in the shelter of park trees where elks had once rested in the shade.

Yet Captain West lived to see the nucleus of the future capital, for before he was gathered to his fathers there were settlers at the falls of the James River, iron works had been built, there were a tavern and a church, and they were already talking of a college; yet it was not until more than a century after Captain West's purchase that the "Town of Shaccos," founded by William Byrd, was called Richmond. The city grew rapidly, however; by 1736, lots were being sold to prospective citizens, and in 1779 the capital was transferred from Williamsburg to Richmond.

Like Rome, the capital of Virginia is built on seven hills, and is not only a charming city but a most historic one as well. Innumerable buildings date back to colonial days and have survived the ravages and destruction of the Civil War, and many are redolent of romantic episodes and many famous men and women of the past.

Most prominent and conspicuous of all the buildings in Richmond, and the most architecturally at-

tractive as well, is the State Capitol. Planned and designed by Thomas Jefferson, who modeled it after the Maison Carrée at Nismes, France, the impressive edifice is beautifully located in a ten-acre square surrounded by velvet-green lawns and venerable, widespreading trees. It was within this building that the trial of Aaron Burr was held. In the basement is the State Land Office with records going back to 1623, and in the rotunda stands the famous Houdon statue of Washington already mentioned.

The Capitol has also been the scene of terrible tragedy, for on April 27, 1870, the main floor gave way, resulting in the deaths of sixty-five persons and serious injuries to over two hundred others. An even worse calamity took place in Richmond in 1811, when a theater was burned with the loss of sixty lives, including Governor William Smith, and hundreds of persons were injured. Today the Monumental Church occupies the site of the razed theater, although far more famed for its associations with Edgar Allan Poe than for the fact that it was erected above the charred bodies of the victims of that fearful catastrophe. It was within this church that Poe's foster father, John Allan, preached. In the opinion of many, it was the stern, unsympathetic and penurious character of the Scotch foster parent which led to Poe's downfall. The son of an actress, and born in Boston, Poe was adopted, although never legally, by the Allans. Although penniless himself, and dependent upon the charity of his foster parents, young

Poe, when a student in the University of Virginia, foolishly strove to live like his fellow classmates, and as a result piled up heavy debts which Allan refused to pay. The resulting disgrace completely changed Poe's life. He became morose and despondent, took to drink and—by a strange whim of fate—became immortalized through a poem penned when far from in his right mind. Some one has said that Richmond's chief fame rested on Edgar Allan Poe, and while this is an exaggeration, yet the author of "The Raven" was so intimately associated with Richmond that it is almost a Poe shrine.

In the Old Swan Tavern, at Broad and Ninth Streets, Poe spent many an hour and drank many a drink, and on his last visit to Richmond he boarded at the tavern. On Main Street, near Fifteenth, was the building containing the office wherein Poe edited the "Southern Literary Messenger." On Bank Street near Main, was the home of Virginia Clemm, whom he married; while in the home of Judge Robert Stanard, which later became the Westmoreland Club, Poe was a frequent visitor and in the person of the Judge's wife he found the inspiration for his poem: "To Helen."

Unfortunately the old edifice which once housed the "Southern Literary Messenger" was torn down several years ago, and when the citizens awoke to the need of preserving the building most intimately associated with the great writer's life, they discovered there was no building left to preserve. But

on Main Street, not far from the spot where Poe edited the "Messenger" was the old Jacob Ege house, a solidly built stone structure dating back to pre-Revolutionary days. This was selected as the Poe Shrine, and herein repose all the earthly possessions of the somber, poverty-stricken genius whom many have acclaimed as the greatest writer America has ever produced.

As the capital of the Confederacy during the Civil War, Richmond, as is to be expected, possesses many historic relics of the struggle. Among these is the "White House of the Confederacy," now the Confederate Museum, once the home of Jefferson Davis. At the present time it houses a priceless collection of Civil War relics—the personal belongings of the great leaders and generals, documents and periodicals published during the war, battle flags, weapons and innumerable other objects.

Another remarkable exhibit is the immense collection of Indian relics and remains in the Valentine Museum, probably the world's finest and largest collection of the artifacts, weapons, utensils and implements of the tribes which inhabited Virginia prior to the arrival of Europeans.

To members of the Masonic orders, the most interesting spot in Richmond would doubtless be the Old Masonic Hall, built in 1785, which is the oldest in America and where, in 1834, Lafayette was made an honorary member of the Lodge.

Still another famous building in the capital is old

STATE CAPITOL, RICHMOND

(*Courtesy Garrett & Massie*)

GARDEN, MEADOWBROOK MANOR, RICHMOND

St. John's Church, the scene of the most important meeting that ever occurred in Virginia, for it was here that the House of Burgesses met in convention in March 1775. It was at this historic meeting that Patrick Henry uttered his famous and fiery speech which ended with the words: "Give me liberty or give me death," a speech which was the spark that kindled the smoldering revolution into open flame. The original church, built upon the hilltop in 1741, was a tiny structure sixty feet in length by twenty-five feet in width, but it was enlarged in 1772 and when, in that fateful year of 1775, the Virginia House of Burgesses was in rebellion against the royal governor, Dunsmore, at Williamsburg, and they decided to meet secretly at Richmond, the town was such a small unimportant place that the parish church on Church Hill, small as it was, was the only building large enough to accommodate the delegates.

Neither should we forget the Gamble House, once the residence of Major Gamble, who took for his bride brave Catherine Gratton who, at risk of her life, had mounted a horse and had ridden far and fast through the outlying countryside warning the farmers and settlers of an impending Indian raid.

In all these old houses, on newel posts, over doorways, and on the posts of the massive colonial bedsteads, one sees innumerable carved wooden pine-apples. Why this particular decorative motif should have been so popular is a puzzle to many, until one learns that they are the symbols of hospitality. Any

one who has experienced the whole-hearted, spontaneous hospitality of Virginians must admit that no more fitting form of ornamentation could have been adopted by them.

All about Richmond is historic almost hallowed ground, for it was here that our Union came into being, here the power of Great Britain was first openly defied, here all the heroic figures of the Revolution met and plotted to win independence and liberty for the Colonies, and here was the Confederate capital during the Civil War. One cannot travel in any direction from Richmond without seeing dozens of commemorative tablets marking the sites of battlefields, of historic landmarks or stirring and romantic episodes in Virginia's past.

To the southeast lie Williamsburg, Yorktown, Jamestown, Newport News and Norfolk—all redolent of history and the birth of our nation while south from the capital the road leads through Petersburg, once a great trading post for the Indians whose village of Appomattox was on the farther bank of the river which now bears the name. Today one may still see the remains of Peter Jones's old Indian trading post, while other historic buildings are the Blandford Church, built in 1736; Bolingbroke, the British headquarters during the Revolution; and the Golden Ball Tavern wherein George Washington was given the memorable banquet in 1791. Neither should we forget the "Pocahontas Basin" which reposes atop a monument in Petersburg's Central

Park, for even if the stone bowl was unquestionably used for the purpose of leaching corn, rather than to afford a "tubbing" for the Indian princess, it is an interesting relic of the redmen who once dwelt upon the shores of the Appomattox.

Although this was one of the earliest settlements in Virginia, for it appears on Captain Smith's map of 1612, yet it was of no particular importance until 1646 when Governor Berkeley built a frontier fort called Fort Henry. The outpost, however, proved something of a white elephant for the colony and was leased to Abraham Wood. For many years thereafter the settlement was known as Wood, in honor of the lessee of the fort, who was an adventurous soul and, in company with Edmund Bland, set out from Fort Henry in 1650 and reached the falls of the Roanoke, thus being the first to explore a vast area of unknown territory in the west. It was also from Fort Henry, or the town of Wood, that the first expedition to cross the Appalachian Mountains went forth. This was on the First of September, 1671, when Thomas Bates, Thomas Wood and Robert Fallam penetrated as far as the New River (West Virginia) which they named Wood River, and returned safely after escaping all the manifold perils such a journey entailed. Still a third exploring expedition left the little outpost in 1673, and, led by James Needham, penetrated to the territory of the hitherto unknown Cherokee Indian tribe.

In the diary of Colonel Byrd, who founded St.

Petersburg as well as Richmond, under date of September 9, 1733, it is recorded: "we laid the foundation of two large cities, one at Shaccos to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of the Appomattox, to be called Petersburg." Thus from the spot whereon the Indian trading post had stood, where Fort Henry had been built and whence such epochal explorations had been carried out, rose the city of Petersburg at the head of navigation on the Appomattox.

At one time, Petersburg became known as "The Cockade City," a name lovingly bestowed upon it because of the gay hat decorations worn by the Petersburg Rangers who went to the defense of Fort Meiggs on the Canadian border during the War of 1812. During the Civil War the city and its vicinity was the scene of much heavy fighting. In the Battle of Crater, underground mines were exploded causing the deaths of more than two hundred Confederate soldiers. The pits or craters formed by the explosions still remain, and the subterranean passages and tunnels constructed by the troops of both forces are open to visitors. To the majority of persons, the names of Petersburg and Appomattox bring up recollections of schoolday histories and the struggle between the North and South, for there was no more famous battle than that of Appomattox where General Lee made his last heroic stand, and which ended the long and terrible conflict.

For those who desire wild, strange and little

known spots, there is the famous Dismal Swamp, easily reached by way of the Dismal Swamp Canal from Norfolk. Immortalized and made famous by the poems of Thomas Moore and Longfellow, as well as by Mrs. Southworth's novel, "Dred," the Dismal Swamp holds plenty of romantic lure. A waste of still, dark water, rank growths of reeds, coarse grass and morasses, with ancient cypress trees draped with festoons of gray Spanish moss and with Lake Drummond hidden deep within its fastnesses, it seems as remote, as unfrequented and as much a watery wilderness as though in the heart of some distant unexplored continent. And although the Dismal Swamp Canal, which connects Lake Drummond with the sea, was commenced in 1787 and was dug under the supervision of George Washington, yet much of it is as unknown and almost as impenetrable as in the days when Indians followed their hidden trails and hunted the deer, bear, wild turkey and other game whose descendants still abound in the depths of the great swamp.

And as one moves slowly through the silent shadows beneath the gray moss hanging from the tall cypresses, one can almost see the fugitive slave of Longfellow's poem, cowering with rolling eyes and chattering teeth in the morass and listening in terror to the distant baying of the bloodhounds on his trail.

## CHAPTER XV

### BY THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC

When, at some unknown date prior to 1540, the forgotten Spanish voyagers discovered Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, they felt that they had at last found a waterway by which they might reach the Far East and the almost fabulous land of Cipango. And for many years thereafter, mariners and explorers, both Spanish and British, vainly endeavored to reach the Pacific by sailing up the majestic river. It was such an attempt that led to the establishment of the first European mission and settlement in North America north of Florida, on the banks of the Potomac. Very closely, too, is the river associated with the early British settlements, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War.

From its mouth to its source the Potomac is a most historic and romantic stream, as well as a most lovely river, with the stately mansions, the broad lawns, the shade trees and boat landings along the shores, with its enchanting vistas of woodland and meadows, its still backwaters filled with lilies and reeds, and its multitudinous craft, all reminding one of an English river rather than an important waterway of the United States.

But before one comes within sight of the Potomac when traveling northward from Richmond, one crosses the Rappahannock at historic old Fredericksburg. Here, in the charming old dormer-windowed house that still stands, dwelt Washington's mother, Mary, while her immortal son led the Continental Army against the Redcoats. Here Rochambeau and Lafayette visited her and strolled in the garden she loved so dearly, and whose boxwood hedges, still bordering the lawns and flower beds, were planted by her own hands. It was while she was busy with her posies and her hedges that a courier brought her the news of Lord Cornwallis' surrender and the end of the Revolution.

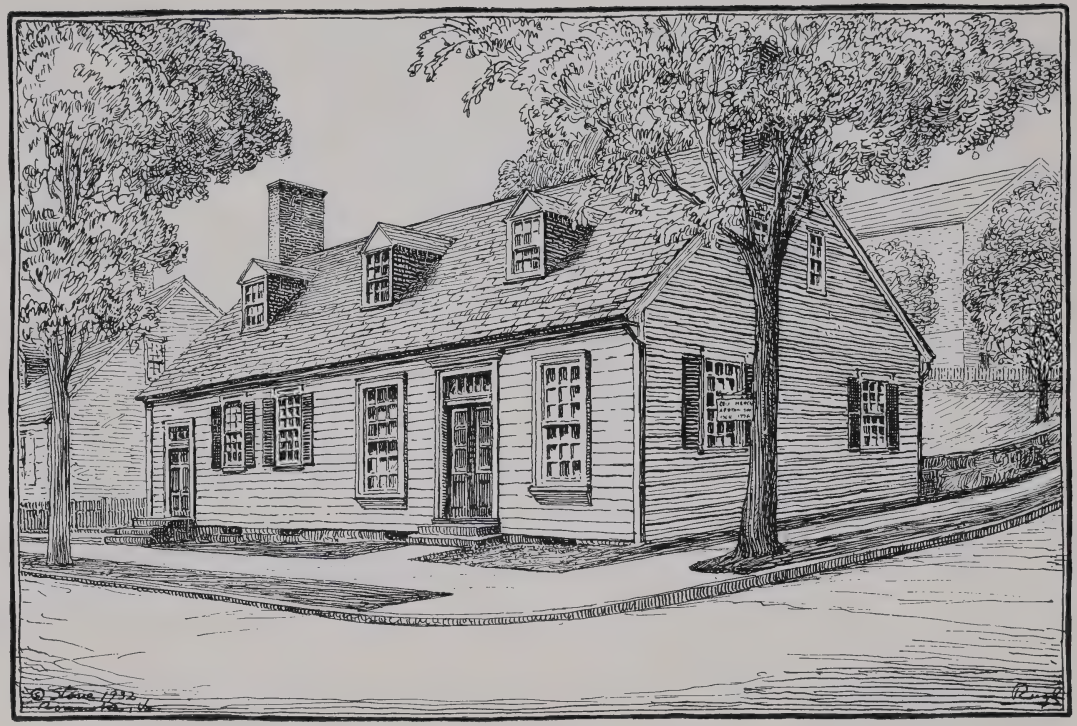
Here, too, at Kenmore across the river, George Washington lived during the early days of his youth, and it was at his home, the Ferry Farm, that he allegedly chopped down the famous cherry tree with his equally famous little hatchet. Whatever the truth may be in regard to this boyhood episode, there is no question as to his being made a Mason here. Also, both his brother Charles and his sister Betty lived here, the house of the former still standing, while in Mercer's Apothecary Shop, which has now been restored, Mistress Mary Washington purchased her draughts and pills, her herbs and simples and—whisper it in hushed tones—secured liquid refreshment on occasion, for among the items charged to the Washingtons on the old account books of the shop, are such entries as "Madam Washington, one bark,"

and "Madam Washington, one toddy."

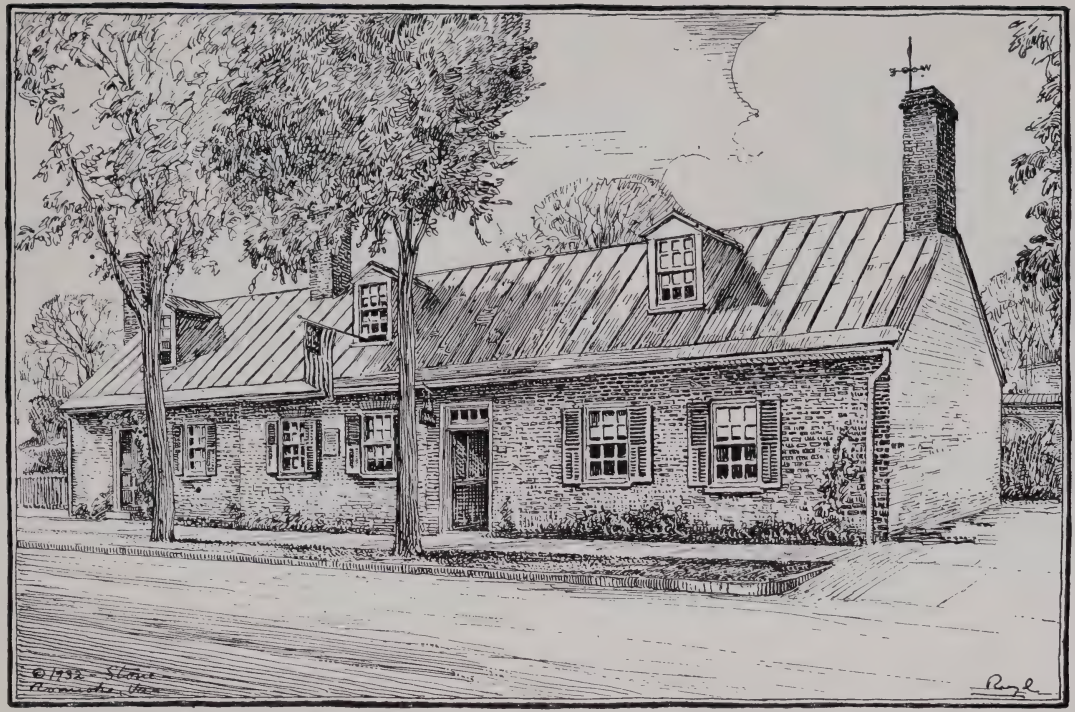
The bills of his friend Mercer were paid periodically by George who maintained a sort of office in a back room of the apothecary shop, with a desk whereat he settled the matters of his Rappahannock River plantations and his mother's properties while on his frequent visits to Fredericksburg. So it is quite appropriate that the city should be called "The Washington Town."

The old Apothecary Shop has other associations aside from those of the Washington family, for its proprietor was a heroic figure in the Revolution. A rather fiery Scotchman, and a rebel by nature and by choice, he had had a hand in rebellions in his native land and fairly jumped at the opportunity of joining the rebels in America when the Revolution broke out. Having served as a regular soldier in Europe, and being as skilled in military tactics as in rolling pills or compounding elixirs, he soon rose to the rank of brigadier general and might well have carved great fame for himself had it not been for his reckless, impetuous and utterly fearless character. At the Battle of Princeton, in January 1777, he threw himself with utter disregard of consequences at the British, and upon his refusal to surrender was literally hacked to pieces by the enemies' bayonets.

It was at Fredericksburg also, that James Monroe practiced law. At the close of the Revolutionary War he hung out his shingle and had a hard time keeping the proverbial wolf from his office door.



MERCER'S APOTHECARY SHOP, FREDERICKSBURG




PRESIDENT MONROE SHRINE, FREDERICKSBURG

In those lean days, how little did the author of the Monroe Doctrine dream that within a few years thereafter he would find himself successively Secretary of State, Secretary of War, Minister to France, Governor of Virginia and President of the United States!

The house in which Monroe lived while in Fredericksburg, or at least the building which is exhibited as such, is now a negro hovel, and, until a few years ago, the former law office of the famous statesman was a squalid tenement. Purchased by the descendants of Monroe and members of his family, the building was restored and transformed into a charming relic of the past, containing a museum of articles and documents that belonged to the man who occupied the presidential chair during those happy years from 1816 to 1824 which were so peaceful that his administration is referred to as "The Era of Good Feeling."

Still another famous American who dwelt in Fredericksburg was John Paul Jones; while at Chancellorsville, a few miles west of the town, Stonewall Jackson received the wound which resulted in his death.

At Stafford, a few miles north of Fredericksburg, is the ancestral home of the Lees. Hidden among the chimneys of the old house is a secret chamber measuring eight feet in width and height and ten feet in length, which was entered from above by means of a hidden door consisting of a plank which slid under

the floor and was fastened inside by a secret spring. No one knows what purpose the hidden room served, or who occupied it, but it most certainly was used, for when first discovered there were smoke smudges on the walls, and candle grease and ink stains smeared the floor. No doubt it afforded a safe refuge for some prominent person in the turbulent days of Virginia's past, and could the walls but speak they could tell a most romantic tale.

Yet the story could not be more romantic or more strange than that which centers about Selma, the Leesburg home of the Honorable Armistead Thomson Mason, who built the mansion early in the nineteenth century. A very distinguished man was the Honorable Armistead Mason. As a colonel of cavalry during the War of 1812, he served with distinction, and had been honored by being appointed United States Senator for Virginia. He was very popular and highly respected by all but his political opponents, but he was a quick-tempered, hot-headed young man. When thirty-two years of age he had a violent political quarrel with his cousin, Colonel John Mason McCarthy, which resulted in Colonel Mason challenging the other to a duel, and the two met on the field of honor at Bladensburg, Maryland, on February 6, 1819. It was to be no comic opera duel, no mere gesture to wipe out an insult or settle a difference of opinion, but a duel to the death, and, to make matters more certain, the weapons chosen were muskets at ten paces. At the report of the guns,

CHARLOTTE PUBLIC LIBRARY
Charlotte, N. C.


Colonel Mason fell, instantly killed, while his opponent escaped unscathed. To make the tragedy more terrible, Mason's death left his young and devoted wife a widow with an infant son only a few months old, while McCarthy, who was a brilliant young lawyer and was engaged to beautiful Lucinda Lee, was filled with sorrow and vain regrets for having killed his kinsman, and felt that because of it his fiancée would doubtless break the engagement.

Writing her a note recounting fully all that had taken place, he gave her a week in which to decide whether she was still willing to become his bride. It was a fearful ordeal for the poor girl, for she loved McCarthy deeply and sincerely, and yet, in her eyes, he was nothing short of a murderer, and a murderer of his own flesh and blood and the husband of her own dearest friend at that. Unable to reach a decision, she begged her mother to decide for her, but the only advice the older lady could offer was to follow the dictates of her own heart and conscience. Finally, still uncertain which course to follow, she wrote a note requesting McCarthy to call. Once they had met there was no question left in her mind and following the wedding the couple settled down near Selma, the home of the widow Mason and her son. In due course of time a son and heir arrived at the home of the McCarthys.

But never after the tragedy was the former friendship and acquaintance renewed. Though dwelling but a short distance apart, members of the two fam-

ilies never spoke; each family avoided the other yet there was no hatred, no real ill feeling between them, and although the two boys were of nearly the same age and had similar tastes, both being ardent sportsmen, they vowed never willingly to meet and never to set foot on the lands of the other.

However, Fate willed otherwise. One day, while following a flock of quail, young McCarthy mounted the fence forming the boundary between the two properties, sending his dogs forward to flush the birds and drive them back onto his own land. But while watching the dogs and birds, and at the same time reloading his gun, he slipped, the gun fell from his hand and exploded, and the ramrod still in the barrel was driven through the youth's head. Lurching forward, he fell mortally wounded upon the Masons' property which he had avoided throughout his life. And by one of those coincidences so frequent in real life, though taboo in fiction, it happened that, at the very instant when the tragic accident occurred, Stevens Mason was riding by. Hurrying to the dying boy, he lifted him tenderly and carried him to his own home. And there, in the hall where Colonel Mason's body had once rested, the son of the man who had killed him breathed his last.

To Colonel McCarthy, the tragedy and the strange coincidence appeared like divine retribution. He brooded over it, became erratic in his actions and would leave home without a word, to be absent

THE WAYSIDE CRUCIFIX AT AQUIA

Marking the site of the First English Catholic settlement in America

CHIEF HENRY BRADBY

Of the Chickahominy Indians

for years, his whereabouts unknown even to his wife, to return ragged, unkempt, wild-eyed, with long hair and beard, until at last he vanished forever.

Upon the death of his widowed mother, young Stevens Mason inherited the Selma estates. He was a handsome, dashing youth fond of driving a splendid tandem about the countryside. But he was a spendthrift, and becoming heavily in debt, he was forced to dispose of Selma. With nothing left he joined the army and was killed in the Mexican War.

About twenty miles north of Fredericksburg, on the Jefferson Davis Highway, a huge crucifix stands beside the road. Erected in 1930, this striking memorial of our Savior on the Cross marks the site of the first settlement of English Roman Catholics in America. Among them was Colonel Giles Brent, the Governor of Maryland in 1643, who, on February 16, 1688, petitioned King James II for a royal edict granting religious tolerance for all settlers at Brenton. Apparently, however, intolerance and bigotry still survive in the hearts and minds of certain Virginians, for this emblem of the Christian Faith, erected to commemorate those first Catholic settlers, was so defaced and defiled again and again that a faithful, self-sacrificing priest took up his residence in a hovel near the Cross in order to watch it day and night and prevent its desecration.

Some ten miles farther on, one crosses the bridge spanning Occoquan Creek, where, beside the roadway, a commemorative tablet informs all who pause

to read that near here Captain John Smith found a large village of the Doeg Indians. But there is never a word about the ill-fated padres who were massacred by Don Luis and his tribesmen almost within a stone's throw of the bridge.*

Although the exact site of the ill-fated Spanish mission is unknown, yet it is not improbable that with comparatively little effort and expense it could be located, and traces of its buildings found, perhaps even the partially charred bones of the martyred priests, perchance an earth-stained fire-blackened cross or Crucifix or some corroded holy vessel or candlestick from the desecrated altar. But, on the other hand, during the long centuries that have passed since the padres knelt in prayer that ended in death, *débris* and mold, dying vegetation or a shift in the creek's course may have destroyed all vestiges of the old mission, and only by chance may some ditch digger or the plowshare of a farmer reveal traces and unearth relics of the first European settlement in Virginia.

It was in the old Pohick Church near here that George Washington was a vestryman, and everywhere, throughout this portion of Virginia, beside the Potomac, are buildings and sites intimately associated with our most famous and immortalized

* It is a rather remarkable coincidence that the first settlement of English Catholics in America should have been so near the first Catholic mission in the United States north of Florida. It is quite possible that Brent chose the site for that reason, as he may have known of the ill-fated Spanish settlement at Occoquan.

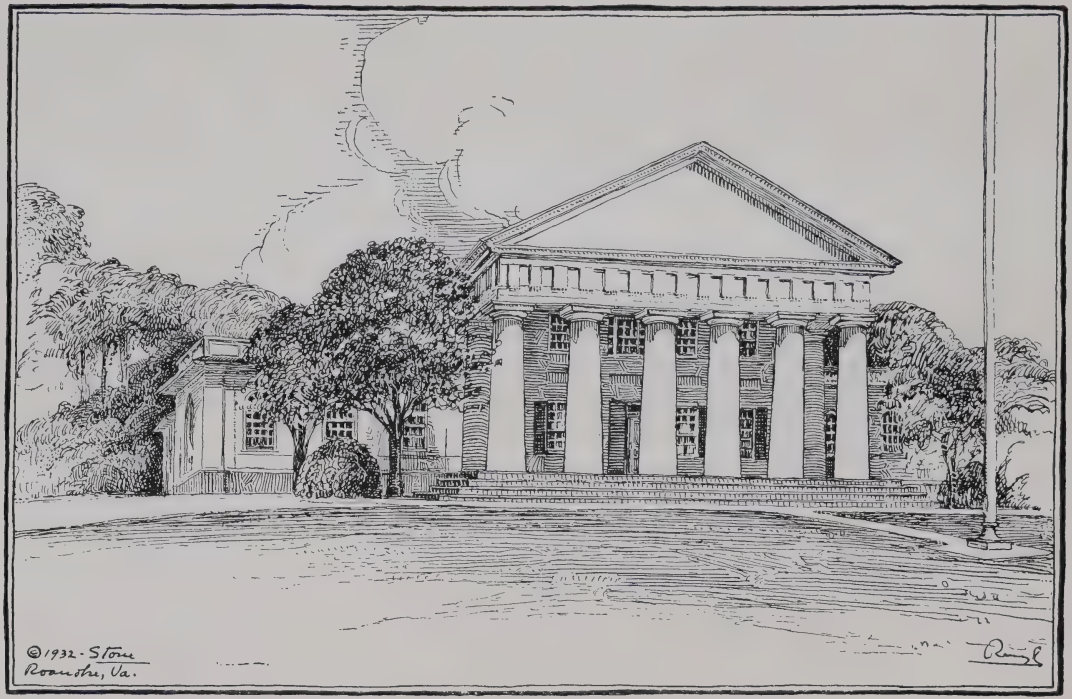
President. At Fairfax Courthouse Washington's will is preserved. Not far from Leesburg is Audley where Nellie Custis, Washington's adopted daughter, died, and at Alexandria is the old Christ Church which Washington, as well as General Lee, attended. In early days this famous church had women as sextons, the first being Susannah Edwards who, to quote an old description, "preceded members of the Congregation to their pews according to their dignity." Later, there was a "Mistress Cook" as sextoness, if the term is permissible, who, judging by contemporaneous accounts, would have made an ideal policewoman if she were alive today. The chronicler tells us that she was "peculiar in her dress and physiognomy" and had a "stately manner of ushering people to their pews and locking the doors upon them, and with almost military air patrolled the aisles, alert to detect and prompt to suppress any violation of order."

But the sites so intimately linked with Washington's life are by no means the only romantic and historic spots along the Jefferson Davis Highway. Just west of the road near Woodbridge is the "Old Telegraph Line," one of the first telegraph lines in operation in the world, which was built from Washington to Petersburg in 1847. It was at Pohick Creek, too, that in 1722 a conference was held with the Iroquois Indians, who agreed to capture and return runaway slaves; while at Potomac Creek or "Petomek" in the Indian tongue, Captain Argyll kidnaped

Pocahontas in 1613. To our emancipated ladies of the land, Little Hunting Creek should be of interest, for here was the home of Margaret Brent, secretary to Lord Baltimore, who was the first woman in America to demand the right to vote. That was back in 1660, and Mistress Brent's request was not granted until nearly three centuries had passed—truly a long time to wait.

All is historic ground in this section of Virginia, and for many years after southeastern and central Virginia had been tamed and settled it was a wild, almost unknown, wilderness wherein the hardy colonists were ever in dread of hostile Indian raids. One such attack took place on June 16, 1700, when the Piscataways swept down upon the home of Thomas Barton at Dogue Neck, about eight miles from the present city of Alexandria, and massacred eight persons. In describing this raid, George Mason referred to it as the "horriblest murder that ever was in Stafford."

It was the water of the same Dogue Creek, on whose banks this "horriblest murder" was perpetrated, that turned the sixteen-foot back-pitch waterwheel that furnished the power for the Washington Mill, one of the oldest grist mills in the United States and assuredly the most famous mill in America, if not in the entire world. Here, beside the winding King's Highway that led to distant Williamsburg, dwelt Augustine Washington and his infant son, George; and here, some time between 1735 and




ARLINGTON

MONTICELLO, CHARLOTTESVILLE

1739, he built the grist mill which, carefully restored to its original condition, now stands beside the road. The Washingtons' house was burned in 1739 and no traces of the structure remain, but in front of the stone-built mill is a widespreading sycamore tree, a venerable giant, the selfsame tree to which George Washington tethered his horse in the shade when he made his daily visits to his industrial plant; for, although few persons are aware of the fact, Washington was not only a soldier, a statesman and a planter but a manufacturer and miller as well.

Built as a grist mill by our revered President's father, the property was given to his eldest son, Lawrence, in 1740, when the father moved to Fredericksburg. Upon the death of his brother, the famous mill passed into the possession of George, who paid fifteen thousand pounds of tobacco annually, or its equivalent in cash, to Lawrence's widow for her interests in the property. At that time the mill was beginning to show signs of wear and tear and, with the keen interest and high efficiency which Washington ever showed in anything he undertook, he had the mill improved and produced fine flour which found a ready sale both in the colonies and in England.

Always with an eye to business and profit, Washington realized that his mill held possibilities other than grinding corn and wheat, for the big, slowly moving waterwheel had power and to spare. So he added a sawmill, a cooperage, a blacksmith shop, and finally a distillery. From the woodland on his vast

estates, the felled trees were hauled by plodding ox teams to the mill, and in the old-fashioned up-and-down sawmill were cut into timbers and planks, joists and boards, clapboards and shingles which were used in Washington's building operations or sold to other planters. From the white oak trees on the hillsides staves were cut and in the cooper shop were made into hogsheads, hooped with iron forged in the blacksmith shop, in which Washington shipped tobacco grown on his plantations. And from the corn and rye harvested on his broad acres, the Father of our Country distilled the whiskies of which he was so fond and which were famed far and wide and were one of the most profitable of his many commercial ventures.

Slave labor cost little; Washington's mill was the only one for miles about; there was no competition, and the little factory plant on Dogue Run was a veritable gold mine to Washington for many years. Even after his death the millwheel continued to turn, the rumbling stones continued to grind grain, passers-by could hear the clatter and screech of the big jig saw as it bit through the logs, and from the cooperage and smithy came the ringing blows of hammer on anvil and the resonant clatter of mallets on staves.

But commerce and industries, the growth of settlements and towns, spelled the doom of the old mill. It no longer could be operated at a profit; the owners could not afford to repair or replace the worn, obso-

lete machinery, and the mill was abandoned. Time and the elements wrought destruction and, although the building still remained standing until just before the Civil War, the stones of its solidly built walls, the massive timbers of its floors, its metal fittings and its rusted machinery were ripped out and hauled away to be used in newer structures, until the only traces remaining were the old foundations, the head and tail races, the wheel pit, and fragments of the waterwheel.

But patiently and carefully, from old documents and records, from notes in Washington's diary, from descriptions of old residents who recalled the ruined buildings, and from fragments of the structure found, the famous mill was rebuilt exactly as it appeared when it hummed with industry and Washington, leaving his thoroughbred in the shade of the ancient sycamore, inspected the work going on and sampled the amber spirit of the corn in which he took so much pride.

Almost within sight of the old mill is Mt. Vernon, the greatest and most famous of all American shrines. While this spot where the revered Washington lived and died and was laid to rest is the Mecca of thousands of visitors from all parts of the world, yet, to my mind, the old mill is a far more interesting and intimate memorial to Virginia's most famous son who, despite his exalted position and his immense wealth, was a very human, democratic man, with all the faults and failings, the ambitions and the

dreams, the passions and inhibitions, the vices and the virtues of ordinary mortals—a man as much at home in the saddle as in the presidential chair, who could wrest a fortune from the soil or win a war with equal success, who was as skilled with compass and level as with sword or gun, and who was as efficient in operating a mill as in conducting a nation.

## APPENDIX

### IMPORTANT DATES IN VIRGINIA'S HISTORY

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| 1520–40 | Spaniards entered Chesapeake Bay seeking route to the Pacific. |
| 1570– | Spanish settlement and Jesuit Mission established at Oksocan (now Occoquan) by Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles. |
| 1571 | Spaniards massacred and mission destroyed by Indians led by Don Luis de Velasco, an Indian convert who had been taken to Mexico by the Spaniards a few years earlier, had been baptized and adopted by the Viceroy, Don Luis de Velasco. |
| 1571 | Spaniards under Menendez avenged massacre of the priests by hanging eight of the Indians and torturing and putting to death several more. Don Luis and the bulk of the tribe fled southward and joined the tribe which later was under Powhatan. |
| 1585 | Sir Walter Raleigh sent seven ships and one hundred men in command of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, to establish a colony in Virginia. Landed at Roanoke Island. |
| 1586 | Sir Francis Drake arrived at Roanoke |

Island and took off the starving settlers.

1586 Grenville returned to Virginia and left fifteen settlers, and a short time afterwards, Raleigh sent one hundred and fifty men and seventeen women to Roanoke Island.

1587 Raleigh's fleet arrived at Roanoke, July 22, and found settlement burned and Grenville's fifteen men killed.

1587 Virginia Dare, first English child born in America, born at Roanoke Island Aug. 18. Daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White.

1591 Governor White returned from England and found the settlement deserted and no traces of the inhabitants remaining.

1592–1603 Raleigh sent vessels in search of the missing colonists.

1606 First Royal Charter granted to Virginia by King James, Apr. 10.

1607 Captain John Smith and party landed at Cape Henry.

1607 Ships *Sarah Constant, Goodspeed* and *Discovery* with colonists under command of Captain John Smith, anchored off Jamestown Island and established a settlement called "James Citty."

1607 Fort Monroe fortified.

1608 Captain Smith captured by Indians and saved from death by Pocahontas.

1609 Captain Samuel Argyll destroyed the

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| | French settlement and mission at Mt. Desert, Maine. |
| 1609–10 | The "Starving Time." Many settlers died of starvation and disease. |
| 1610 | Hampton settled. Oldest continuous British settlement in America. |
| 1610 | Captain West bought site of Richmond for "somme copper." |
| 1613–14 | Pocahontas embraced Christianity and married John Rolfe. |
| 1617 | Pocahontas went to England with husband and infant son and several Indians who were to be educated. |
| 1618 | Sir Walter Raleigh executed. Powhatan died at Oropax. |
| 1619 | Consignment of twenty "respectable" girls sent to Virginia. |
| 1619 | First negro slaves brought to Virginia. |
| 1619 | First representative assembly in America met in Jamestown Church. |
| 1619 | First iron foundry established by John Berkeley. |
| 1622 | First Indian attack and massacre. Four hundred killed. John Berkeley (see above) and men killed and mill burned. |
| 1622 | Proclamation against drunkenness and first prohibition officer. June 21. |
| 1623 | Virginia became a Royal Colony. |
| 1625 | Jamestown contained 182 inhabitants, including 3 negroes, with 22 dwellings, 1 church, 1 merchant's store, 3 storehouses and a guardhouse. |

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| 1627 | Captain John Smith died in England and was buried in St. Sepulchre's Churchyard, London. |
| 1632 | Brick church, Isle of Wight, built. Oldest Protestant church in America. |
| 1635 | First American revolution when the people deposed and deported Gov. Harvey. |
| 1649 | Fort Henry built at Petersburg by Gov. Berkeley. |
| 1650 | Expedition under Abraham Wood and Edmund Bland went to Falls of the Roanoke. First to cross the Appalachian Mountains. |
| 1654 | Warren House, built on land of John Rolfe. Oldest house in Virginia. |
| 1655 | Bacon's Castle built. |
| 1671 | Expedition from Petersburg reached the Cherokee tribe. |
| 1675 | Friendly Susquehannock Indians attacked by mistake following a number of murders by the Doeg tribe. |
| 1676 | Last border Indian fight in the Shenandoah Valley. |
| 1676 | Bacon's Rebellion. |
| 1678 | Jamestown destroyed by fire and capital moved to "Middle Plantation" and renamed Williamsburg. |
| 1690 | Francis Makemie established the first Presbyterian church in America. |
| 1693 | William and Mary College founded at Williamsburg. First Indian (Protestant) school in America. |

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| 1699 | First hospital for the insane, at Williamsburg. |
| 1700 | Indian raid on settlers at Dogue Neck, June 16. |
| 1701 | Buccaneers' Jail built at Williamsburg. |
| 1705 | Governor's Palace built. |
| 1714 | Old Powder Horn built to store ammunition of the college. Now a museum. |
| 1715 | Customs House built at Yorktown. Oldest brick building in Virginia. |
| 1716 | Lieut.-Gov. Alexander Spottswood and party crossed the Blue Ridge. |
| 1722 | Treaty with the Iroquois who agreed to return runaway slaves. |
| 1726 | Thomas Marlin and John Salling explored the Shenandoah and Roanoke valleys. |
| 1728 | Col. Wm. Byrd surveyed the boundary between Virginia and North Carolina. |
| 1732 | First settlements near Winchester. |
| 1732 | George Washington born. |
| 1732 | President's House at William and Mary College was built. |
| 1733 | Town of Shaccos was renamed Richmond. |
| 1736 | City of Richmond founded by Wm. Byrd. |
| 1743 | Thomas Jefferson born. |
| 1748 | Draper's Meadow massacre. |
| 1748 | Catawba Valley settled. |
| 1751 | James Madison born. |
| 1753 | Washington sent on mission to the |

French at Fort Le Bœuf.

1754 Washington built Fort Necessity.

1758 James Monroe born.

1764 Indian raid on settlements in the Catawba Valley.

1770 Wm. Clark of Lewis and Clark Expedition born.

1773 James Boone, son of Daniel Boone, killed by Indians, October 10.

1774 Dunmore's War.

1774 Merriwether Lewis (explorer) born in Charlottesville.

1774 Thomas Jefferson bought the Natural Bridge and 157 acres of land from the Crown for the sum of twenty shillings.

1775 Daniel Boone built the "Wilderness Road" through the mountains into Kentucky.

1775 Washington made Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army.

1776 Declaration of Independence. Virginia Committee met at Richmond where Patrick Henry made his famous "Liberty or Death" speech.

1779 State capital moved to Richmond.

1781 Jack Jouett made his famous heroic ride to save Thomas Jefferson and members of the Assembly from capture by the British.

1781 Surrender of Lord Cornwallis and the end of the Revolution, Oct. 19.

1785 Masonic Hall built at Richmond. The

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| | oldest Masonic building in the United States. |
| 1785 | General Winfield Scott born at Petersburg. |
| 1789–97 | George Washington President of the United States. |
| 1793 | Sam Houston born, March 2. |
| 1798 | War with France. Washington in command. |
| 1799 | Washington died. |
| 1799 | Death of Patrick Henry, June 6. |
| 1801–09 | Thomas Jefferson President of the United States. |
| 1802 | Death of Daniel Morgan, famous Indian fighter. |
| 1802–03 | Thomas Jefferson had Natural Bridge surveyed and built a cabin for visitors with a book for signatures. |
| 1807 | Trial of Aaron Burr at Richmond. |
| 1807 | General Robert E. Lee born, Jan. 19. |
| 1808 | Importation of slaves stopped. |
| 1809 | Cyrus McCormick, inventor of the reaping machine, born near Staunton. |
| 1809–17 | Madison President of the United States. |
| 1811 | Richmond Theater burned with the loss of sixty lives, including Governor William Smith. |
| 1817–26 | Monroe President of the United States. |
| 1818 | White House of Confederacy built at Richmond. |
| 1841–45 | Tyler President of the United States. |

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| 1847 | First telegraph line. From Washington to Petersburg. |
| 1849–50 | Zachary Taylor President of the United States. |
| 1859 | John Brown captured Harper's Ferry Arsenal and was executed. |
| 1861 | Virginia seceded from the Union, April 17. |
| 1861–65 | Civil War. |
| 1865 | Last battle of the Civil War, April 9, and end of the War. John Wilkes Booth shot, April 26. |
| 1870 | Floor of Capitol in Richmond gave way killing 65 persons and injuring more than 200. April 27. |

ABINGDON—Near here Daniel Boone camped on his first trip into Tennessee.

ACCOMAC—Old homesteads of the Custis family.

ADNER—Near here Pocahontas saved the life of Capt. John Smith.

ALEXANDRIA—Marshall House where first blood was shed in the Civil War. Old Christ Church.

AQUIA—Near here the first English Catholic settlement in Virginia was established. Marked by a huge Crucifix beside the road.

ARLINGTON—National Cemetery. Home of Gen. Lee.

ASHLAND—Near here Henry Clay was born.

ASHLAWN—The home of Monroe, Charlottesville.

BACON'S CASTLE—Near Surry. Built 1655.

BARBER—Site of Fort Mann, built by Washington. Scene of Indian battle.

BATTLEFIELDS—Too numerous to mention. All are marked by numbered and descriptive plates.

BEDFORD CITY—Elks' National Home is here.

BERKELEY—Birthplace of President Wm. Henry Harrison.

BERRYVILLE—Near here is Saratoga, the home of Daniel Morgan, the famous Indian fighter and soldier of Revolutionary War days.

BIG STONE GAP—Made famous by "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." John Fox, Jr., author of the novel, lived here.

BLACKSBURG—Scene of the Draper's Meadow massacre, 1748. Site of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute.

BOWLING GREEN—Wm. Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition was born here in 1770. Washington and Rochambeau were here in 1781. John Wilkes Booth killed near here.

BREMOS—The home of Gen. J. Hartwell who erected a huge iron pitcher with water constantly flowing from it as a temperance memorial.

BRISTOL—The boundary between Virginia and Tennessee runs through the center of the main street of the town.

BURKEVILLE—Near here, Peter Francisco, the "strongest man in Virginia" defeated, in single-handed combat, nine British dragoons.

CAPE CHARLES—"Arlington," the home of John Custis here. Governor Berkeley found refuge here during Bacon's Rebellion, in 1676.

CAPE HENRY—Captain John Smith and his party landed here, April 1607, before settling at Jamestown. Oldest lighthouse in America.

CHARLOTTE COURTHOUSE—Here John Randolph made his first speech, and here Patrick Henry uttered his last speech.

CHARLOTTESVILLE—Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson is here. Swan Tavern me-

morial. See Louisa. Ashlawn, home of James Monroe. Birthplace of Merriwether Lewis, the explorer. University of Virginia. Many fine old buildings and monuments.

COLONIAL BEACH—Birthplace of President Monroe.

CRYSTAL CAVERNS—Near Middletown.

CULPEPPER COUNTY—Here assembled the first "Minute Men" who used the famous "Rattlesnake Flag" as their standard.

CUMBERLAND GAP—Here Daniel Boone's "Wilderness Road" crosses the mountains.

DANVILLE—The world's largest market of bright tobacco. Last capital of the Confederacy.

DOGUE CREEK (or RUN)—On this creek is the famous Washington Mill where Geo. Washington ground flour, sawed wood, made casks and distilled liquors. Restored.

DOGUE NECK—Here, in 1700, a party of Indians massacred eight settlers.

DONELSON'S INDIAN LINE—Near Gate City. Here, in 1770, was the line agreed upon by treaty which separated land open to settlement from the Indians' territory. Violation of the treaty caused the Dunmore's War, 1774.

ENDLESS CAVERNS—Near Newmarket.

EPPING FOREST—Birthplace of Mary Washington, mother of George.

EPPINGTON—Birthplace and home of Francis

Eppes, the first horticulturist in the United States.

FAIRFAX COURTHOUSE—Washington's will is preserved here.

FAIRFIELD—General Sam Houston was born near here.

FIRST IRON WORKS—The first iron works established in the United States were at Ampthill Plantation. Established by John Berkeley in 1619. Berkeley and his men were killed by Indians and the works abandoned in 1622.

FORT BLACKMORE—An old blockhouse used during the Indian wars.

FORT MONROE—First fortified in 1607. Jefferson Davis was imprisoned here. Oldest fort in United States north of Florida.

FREDERICKSBURG—Home of Mary Washington, John Paul Jones, President James Monroe. Home of Matthew Maury, first to chart ocean currents and winds and establish ocean shiplanes.

GORDONSVILLE—Home of the "Blind Preacher" made famous by Wm. Wirt in his story: "British Spy."

GOSHEN—Near here Gibbs, the inventor of the Wilcox and Gibbs sewing machine, lived.

HAMPTON—The oldest continuous British settlement in America. First settled in 1610. St. John's Parish is the oldest of Protestant Parishes in America, 1610.

HANOVER COURTHOUSE—Birthplace of Henry Clay. Patrick Henry born near here.

HARPER'S FERRY—Scene of John Brown's famous raid.

HARRISONBURG (The "Friendly City")—The center of many natural wonders and historical sites and associations.

HUNGAR'S CHURCH—At Eastville, near Cape Charles. Built in 1690 and in constant use for over 200 years.

JAMESTOWN—First permanent British settlement in America. Settled by Captain John Smith and party in 1607. Ruins of the old church, ancient graveyard, etc.

LEXINGTON—Site of the Virginia Military Institute. Washington and Lee University here. Monument to Matthew Maury.

LITTLE HUNTING CREEK—Margaret Brent, secretary to Lord Baltimore, had land here in 1633. She was the first woman in America to demand the right to vote.

LOUISA—It was from the Cuckoo Tavern here that Jack Jouett started on his heroic ride to warn Jefferson and the Assembly at Charlottesville of Tarleton's approach.

LURAY CAVERNS—Between Newmarket and Sperryville.

LYNCHBURG—One of the world's largest dark tobacco markets. Home of the Lynch family. Origin of the term "Lynching" was here. Memorial stairway leading from one street to another.

MAD ANN RIDGE—Near Covington. Named after a famous woman Indian fighter.

MIDDLE PLANTATION—The original name of Williamsburg which was renamed in honor of King William of England.

MONTPELIER—Home of James Madison, at Orange.

MT. SOLON.—Natural Chimneys near here.

MT. VERNON—Home and burial place of George Washington.

NATURAL BRIDGE—Between Lexington and Buchanan. Height 212 ft. Span 90 ft.

NATURAL CHIMNEYS—Between Harrisonburg and Staunton. Near Mt. Solon.

NATURAL TUNNEL—Near Clinchport. A railway and a road pass through it. Tunnel is 1557 ft. long, 30 ft. wide and 100 ft. high.

NESSANUTTEN CAVERNS—Near Harrisonburg.

NEWPORT NEWS—Important port. Battle of *Monitor* and *Merrimac* was fought in Hampton Roads off this port.

NORFOLK—Chief port. Army and navy bases here. Shipyards. Was Lord Cornwallis' headquarters.

OCCOQUAN—Site of Spanish mission, established 1570. Washington was a vestryman in the church here.

OLDEST HOUSE—Believed to be that at Smith's Fort. Built, 1654, on land sold to Thomas Warren by

Thomas Rolfe, son of Pocahontas and John Rolfe.

OLDEST TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTION—That of Mrs. Alice Jordan who died in 1650. Her husband, George, was at one time Attorney General of Virginia. Gravestone is at Major Brown's orchard, Four Mile Tree.

OLD WILDERNESS ROAD—Built by Daniel Boone at Cumberland Gap.

ONLEY—Here Francis Makemie established the first Presbyterian church in America, 1690.

PETERSBURG—Birthplace of Gen. Winfield Scott. Tavern where Lafayette and Washington were entertained. Old Indian trading post. Blandford Church. Many historic buildings.

PHARSALIA—Nelson County. Home of the Massie family. A treasure in silver, hidden during the Civil War, is buried on the property.

POHICK CREEK—Here, in 1722, a treaty was made with the Iroquois Indians.

PORT CONWAY—Birthplace of President Madison.

POTOMAC CREEK—Four miles from Falmouth. Here Pocahontas was kidnaped by Captain Argyll, August 1613.

POWHATAN'S CHIMNEY—On Timber Neck Estate. Ruins of house erected for the chief.

PROVIDENCE FORGE—Early colonial iron foundry.

RED HILL—Home of Patrick Henry and his burial place.

RICHMOND—State Capitol, scene of Aaron Burr's

trial, 1807. Here Patrick Henry made his "liberty or death" speech. Libby Prison was here. Many historic sites, buildings and collections.

ROANOKE—Formerly Big Lick. An important outpost and stagecoach station in the old days.

RUCKERSVILLE—Montpelier, home of Pres. James Madison who with his wife, "Dolly," is buried here.

SHENANDOAH CAVERNS—Near Newmarket.

SKYLINE DRIVE—Near the junction of Route 4, Gov. Spottswood and his "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe" crossed the Blue Ridge.

SMITHFIELD—Famed for its "Smithfield hams."

STAUNTON—From 1738–70, Staunton had jurisdiction over all Virginia west of the Blue Ridge. This included all of what are now Kentucky, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and part of Michigan. Site of Staunton Military Academy. Birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. Near here Cyrus McCormick was born and perfected his reaper.

STRATFORD—Home of the Lee family. A secret room is concealed among the chimneys of the house.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH—Near New Kent Courthouse. Washington married Martha Custis here. (This has been questioned.)

SUFFOLK—The world's greatest peanut market.

SURRY—See, "Oldest House."

TAZEWELL—The song "Ben Bolt" was written here.

TUCKAHOE—Jefferson attended the schoolhouse

here. Haunted house.

WAKEFIELD—Washington's birthplace.

WHITE POST—Home of Lord Fairfax where Washington was employed as a surveyor.

WILLIAMSBURG—Historic shrines. Restored Colonial Capitol and other buildings. William and Mary College, second oldest in the United States. Phi Beta Kappa, first Chapter House in America. First Insane Asylum and first Indian School in the United States.

WINCHESTER—Objective of Sheridan's famous ride. Entrance to the Shenandoah Valley. Many historic associations.

WINDY CAVES—At Millboro Springs. Mentioned by Jefferson in his notes.

WOODSTOCK—During the Revolution, General Mulenburgh, who was the pastor of the church, raised a regiment of volunteers and marched with them from the church to battle.

YORKTOWN—Oldest Customs House in the United States. Scene of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis.

Of: Being the oldest commonwealth in the Union.
Having had the first Spanish mission north of Florida. (Oksocan)
Having had the first European settlement north of Florida. (Oksocan)
Having had the first British settlement in America. (Jamestown)
Having the oldest permanent town in the United States. (Hampton)
Having the oldest Protestant church in America. (St. Johns, Hampton)
Being the birthplace of the first English child born in America.
More United States Presidents born in Virginia than in any other state.
The second oldest college in the United States. (William and Mary)
The first Indian school in America. (Brafferton School)
The first free school in America. (Hampton, Syms-Eaton Academy)
Being the cradle of United States liberty.
Being the birthplace, home and burial place of George Washington.
Having the only city in the United States with a City Mace. (Norfolk)
Having the oldest fort in the United States

north of Florida. (Ft. Monroe)

Having the oldest college Chapter House in America. (Phi Beta Kappa)

Having more and larger caverns than any other state.

More battles fought on her territory than in any other state.

Having been the scene of the most decisive battles in both the Revolutionary and the Civil Wars.

Having the largest peanut market in the world. (Suffolk)

Having the world's largest "bright" tobacco market. (Danville)

Being the birthplace of McCormick, inventor of the reaper; Maury, first to chart ocean currents and ship lanes and many other inventors.

Being the birthplace of Lewis and Clark, the explorers of the west.

The home of Daniel Boone and the birthplace of Gen. Sam Houston.

The home and birthplace of Thomas Jefferson.

The famous and remarkable Natural Bridge, once owned by Jefferson.

Having had the first English Catholic settlement in the United States. (Brenton, near Aquia)

Having the oldest lighthouse in the United States. (Cape Henry)

Having the oldest Customs House in America. (Yorktown)

Having the first insane hospital in the United

States. (Williamsburg)
The oldest brick church in America.
Having had the first revolution in America.
Having had the first breach of promise suit in America.
Having had the first anti-gambling law, the first prohibition law and the first prohibition enforcement officer in America.
Being the birthplace of more signers of the Declaration of Independence than any other state.
Of possessing more natural wonders than any other state east of the Rocky Mountains.
Having the first National Park to be established east of the Mississippi.
Having had the first iron works in the United States. (Ampthill)
The first grist mills in the United States.
Having been the home of the first woman to demand a right to vote. (Margaret Brent, secretary to Lord Baltimore)
Having been the birthplace and home of Francis Eppes, the first horticulturist in the United States.
Having been the birthplace and home of President Monroe, author of the Monroe Doctrine.
Having been the birthplace of Henry Clay and Patrick Henry.
Having been the scene of the end of the Revolution and of the Civil War.
Having the oldest Presbyterian church in Amer-

ica. (Onley)
Having the oldest church in the United States, in continuous use. (Eastville near Cape Charles)
Its wonderful Skyline Drive.
The famous Dismal Swamp.
The unparalleled Shenandoah Valley.
Its Garden Week.
Its Apple Blossom Festival. (Winchester)
Its magnificent highways.
The hospitality of its people.
The chivalry of its men.
The beauty and charm of its women.

## List of Gardens Open to the Public during Garden Week

(Admission to garden is 50 cents and to house 50 cents, unless otherwise noted.)

ALEXANDRIA DISTRICT.

Gadsby's Tavern Courtyard Garden. Wellington, garden and house. Gunston Hall, garden and house. Rippon Lodge, garden and house. Modern gardens.

FREDERICKSBURG DISTRICT.

Chatham, garden. Kenmore, garden and house.

TIDEWATER TRAIL.

Gaymont, garden and house. Sabine Hall, garden and house.

RICHMOND DISTRICT.

Hickory Hall, garden. Reveille, garden. Virginia House, garden. Agecroft Hall, garden. The Oaks, garden and house. Ampthill House, garden and house. Also Modern Gardens at Ballyshannon and Windemere.

WEST POINT DISTRICT.

Chelsea, garden and house.

JAMES RIVER DISTRICT. North Side.

Shirley, garden and house. Westover, garden ($1.00). Carter's Grove, house and garden ($1.10). York Hall, garden and house.

James River District. South Side.
Appomattox Manor, garden. Brandon, garden and house. Upper Grandon, garden and house. Claremont, garden and house. Estover, garden and house. Chippokes, garden and house.

Norfolk District.
Poplar Hall, garden and house. Adam Thoroughgood House. Also Modern Gardens of Holly Lodge and Sea Pines.

Danville District.
Berry Hill, garden and house.

Clarksville District.
Prestwould, garden and house.

Martinsville District.
The J. R. Smith Garden. The M. R. Schottland Garden.

Lynchburg District.
Sweet Briar. Poplar Forest. Modern Gardens of Mrs. Monroe Morton. Mrs. D. M. Thomasson. Mrs. Stanhope Johnston. Mrs. S. M. Loyd. Mrs. Chas. Owen. Mrs. Floyd Knight. Mrs. Allen Johnson.

Charlottesville District.
Monticello. Ash Lawn, garden and house. Mirador, garden. Castle Hill, garden. Modern Gardens of Rose Hill. Seven Oaks. Blue Ridge Farm. Boxwood. Oakdale. Castalia. Maxfield.

Orange District.
Montpelier, garden. Montebello, garden and house. Modern Gardens of Waverly. Williston. William and Mary Cottage. Piedmont.

LEXINGTON DISTRICT.

Memorial Garden, Virginia Military Institute.

LEESBURG-MIDDLEBURG DISTRICT.

Belmont. Foxcroft. Oak Hill. Modern Gardens of Stoke (The Narcissus Test Garden of Garden Club of Va.) Miss Lea M. Bouligny's Garden.

WILLIAMSBURG.

Governor's Palace, outbuildings and gardens. Raleigh Tavern and garden. Ludwell-Paradise House, outbuildings and gardens. Bassett Hall Garden. The Coke-Garrett Garden. The Fisher Garden. Norton House and garden. Mercer House and garden. Brush House and garden. Archibald Blair House and garden. The Carter-Saunders House and garden. The Kerr House and garden.

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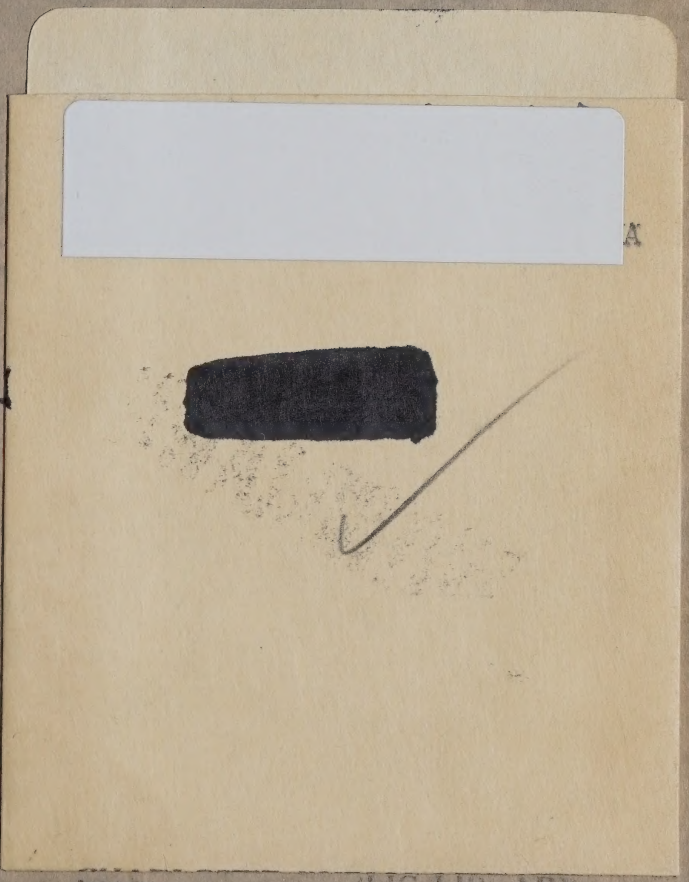

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